THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1810.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, 49
2 London Fashions, 56
3 Benedict, 57
4 Scene from 'Not at Home,' 66
5 The Fleet Prison, 76
6 On Fables, 84
7 POETICAL ESSAYS — Prologue to the dramatic Entertainment of 'Not at Home' — The Churlish Maid — Sonnet, to Cold — Prologue to the new Comedy of 'Riches, or Wife and Brother — Epilogue to the same — Song, 84—88
8 Foreign News, 89
9 Home News, 92
10 Births, 95
11 Marriages, 96
12 Deaths, 96

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. JOSEPHINE, late EMPRESS QUEEN of FRANCE and ITALY.
2. London FULL DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS and TRIMMINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for G. *ROBINSON, No.* 25, *Paternoster-Row;*

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The conclusion of Miss *W. F. James's* Novel, *Virtuous Love Rewarded,* certainly in our next.

We are sorry *J. M. L.'s* Sonnet was overlooked; it was intended for insertion last month.

The same apology is due to Miss *Joanna Squire,* with respect to her Song.

The political animadversions of *J. P.* are not conformable to our plan.

R. C.'s suggestion shall be attended to.

*** In our next Number we propose to present our readers with a Portrait of FERDINAND VII. of Spain, from an undoubted original.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For FEBRUARY, 1810.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE,

LATE CONSORT OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, AND STYLED EMPRESS OF FRANCE AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

[*With her Portrait elegantly engraved from an undoubted original Miniature.*]

JOSEPHINE LA PAGERIE was born at Martinique, according to some accounts, June 24, 1768, but according to others, which, in fact, from the age of her children, and other circumstances, seems more probable, some years earlier. At the age of twenty-two she married the Viscount Alexander Beauharnois, likewise a native of Martinique, though, like herself, brought early to Europe and educated in France. Madame la Pagerie and her husband were both descended from noble but obscure and reduced families, who had transplanted themselves to the West Indies to repair their shattered fortunes; in which the parents of Josephine so far succeeded that she was possessed of considerable property; while Beauharnois was poor, and in debt. He was likewise some years younger than his wife; so that this marriage, though it might originate from love on the one side, was probably concluded from interest and necessity on the other.

The viscount was at that time second major in a regiment of infantry, a place which he had obtained, not by his military talents, but by his intrigues and assiduous attendance at Versailles in the antichambers of favorites and ministers, and his intrigues with their ladies, with whom he had acquired the reputation of being a most agreeable and accomplished dancer.

Soon after their marriage, Monsieur and Madame de Beauharnois were introduced at court and presented to the king, Louis XVI. though they in general associated principally with those persons and

their ladies who afterwards figured most conspicuously in the French revolution. Talleyrand, Charles and Alexander la Methe, Beaumetz, La Tour Maubeuge, and others of that class, were the persons most visited by Madame de Beauharnois and her husband.

At the time of the meeting of the states-general, M. de Beauharnois was chosen a deputy by the nobility of the bailiwick of Blois, and in this assembly, which was afterwards called the national assembly, disregarding all the benefits he had received from the bounty of his sovereign, he took a decided part against court, and appeared as it's implacable enemy. Though his powers of oratory and elocution, when he ascended the tribune in this assembly, were not such as to obtain much attention to his harangues, his friends La Fayette and La Methe procured him to be elected the president of it in June 1791, and as such he signed the proclamation addressed to the French when Louis XVI. was arrested at Varennes. In October the same year he made his peace with the court, and was promoted to be an adjutant-general, in which rank he served under General Biron when the French troops, in April 1792, were defeated near Mons. He was the warm friend of La Fayette as long as he was popular, and afterwards joined his enemy and successor in popularity Dumourier; and, when he was proscribed, courted Custine; whom, when proscribed in his turn, he succeeded in the command of the army of the Rhine, which command he, contrary to the wishes of the jacobins, desired to resign, but was forced to retain it until August 1793, when the representatives of the people suspended him from all his functions, and ordered him to retire above twenty leagues from the frontiers. He was soon afterwards, with his wife, arrested as suspected persons, and, on the 23d of July 1794, sent to the guillotine, as an accomplice in the imaginary conspiracy of the prisons. The day before his execution, he wrote a long letter to his wife, in which he recommended to her, in the republican style of those times, his children, and in particular not to neglect to vindicate his memory and reputation, by proving that *his whole life* had been consecrated to serve liberty and equality. This revolutionary hypocrisy of a man, who had been for twenty years a courtier, and for four only a patriot, is surprising, when it is considered that, at that time, liberty and equality were very fashionable words in republican France; and M. de Beauharnois, no doubt, intended to die, as he had lived, a fashionable man. It is however said, that, when he ascended the scaffold of the guillotine, he exclaimed — 'If I had served my king with the same zeal and fidelity as I have done his murderers, he would have rewarded me in a different manner.'

During the revolutionary career of General Beauharnois, his wife Josephine lost many of her former friends, either by emigration, as the two brothers La Methe; by proscription, as Talleyrand and La Fayette; or by the guillotine, as Barnave, Sillery, and Flahault.

General Beauharnois was beheaded five days before Robespierre was deprived of the authority he had so ferociously exercised, and was himself guillotined. After the fall of that sanguinary

tyrant, seals were put upon all the papers of the revolutionary tribunal, which were delivered to the committee of public safety. Among these papers were found thirty-six lists of persons who were arrested, or suspected, and in the thirty-six following days were destined for the guillotine: Madame de Beauharnois' name was inserted in the twenty-fifth of these lists; if, therefore, Robespierre had not lost his power and his life at the time he did, she would certainly have ascended the scaffold in her turn; nor could Barras, who afterwards protected her, have saved her, as his name was contained in the ninth list, and he would therefore have suffered before her.

Madame de Beauharnois recovered her liberty on the 24th of Thermidor, or 12th of August, 1794, having been released by Legendre, frequently called the butcher, both from his violent revolutionary habits, and from his being actually the son of a butcher. He *kindly protected* her for some time in his house, where she made the acquaintance both of Madame Tallien and of Barras, who, to the great disappointment of Legendre, caused the seals to be taken off her house *rue de Victoires*, and to *protect* her in his turn, occupied an apartment in her house, until he exchanged it in October 1795 for the Luxemburgh; and in March 1796, perhaps finding his taste for her attractions diminish, he procured for her a husband in his friend and abettor Napoleon Bonapartè, on whom he at the same time, as is generally believed, conferred, as her dower, the command of the army of Italy, where the military talents of Napoleon prepared the way for the attainment of that astonishing greatness at which this extraordinary man has arrived.

Whilst Madame de Beauharnois, in company with Barras, consoled herself for the loss of her husband, Madame Tallien, a beautiful woman, but whose character is represented to have been as depraved as her form was perfect, was the then fashionable idol of the gay, licentious, and giddy Parisians. Those two female friends of Barras soon became rivals in the scandalous chronicles, in which were recorded their mutual efforts to outshine each other; to make conquests, and to exhibit their more than half-naked persons and successive lovers at the theatres, in the public walks, and assemblies. Madame Tallien, however, had obtained and kept the precedence in the Parisian popularity and favor, and was the most fashionable idol of those times; but when by the peace of Campo Formio, or still more by the revolution of the 18th of Fructidor, or 4th of September 1787, Bonapartè had silenced at least, if not reconciled his enemies, the flatterers of his fortune caused his wife to share in his triumph, and and forced Madame Tallien to renounce, or at least to admit, a partner upon the throne of fashion.

Bonapartè, during the whole progress of his ambitious career, appears to have acted with the greatest generosity and fidelity towards his Josephine until his late extraordinary divorce. When he proclaimed and crowned himself Emperor of the French, he crowned her empress likewise; and when he afterwards assumed the title of King of Italy, and

crowned himself with the iron crown of Charlemagne, he at the same time crowned her queen. In all his journeys, and in his latter campaigns, when he set out for the army, he has taken her with him, at least to the frontiers of France. When he left Paris to head his army in his late expedition against Austria, she accompanied him as far as Strasburg, and remained there some time before her return to the capital. What induced him, after the successful termination of that expedition, to divorce her, does not appear as yet to be known with certainty, except we give credit implicitly to the reason he has himself assigned — his wish for an immediate heir to inherit the extensive dominions he has acquired: yet, even in this act, he appears to have treated her with the utmost respect and honor, and apparent affection. The proceedings relative to this divorce, and the ceremony employed on the occasion, are thus stated in the French official gazette.

Extract from the Register of the Conservative Senate of Saturday, Dec. 16, 1809.

The conservative senate, assembled to the number of members prescribed by article 90th of the acts of the constitution, and dated the 13th of December 1799, having seen the act drawn up, the 15th of the present month, by the prince arch-chancellor of the empire, of which the following is the substance: —

In the year 1809, and the 15th of December, at nine o'clock in the evening, we, Jean-Jaques Regis Cambaceres, Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, Duke of Parma, exercising the functions prescribed to us by title the 2d of the 14th article of the statue of the imperial family, and in consequence of orders addressed to us by his majesty the emperor and king, in his private letter dated that day, of the following tenor:

'My cousin,

'Our desire is, that you repair this day, at nine o'clock in the evening, to our grand cabinet of the palace of the Thuilleries, attended by the civil secretary of state of our imperial family, to receive from us, and from the empress, our dear consort, a communication of great importance. For this purpose we have ordered this present private letter should be sent to you. — We pray God to have you, my cousin, in his holy and blessed keeping.

'Paris, 15th Dec. 1809.'

On the back is written, 'To our cousin, the prince arch-chancellor, duke of Parma.'

We accordingly proceeded to the hall of the throne of the palace of the Thuilleries, attended by Michel Louis Etienne Regnault (de St. Jean d'Angely), count of the empire, minister of state, and secretary of state to the imperial family. A quarter of an hour afterwards we were introduced to the grand cabinet of the emperor, where we found his majesty the emperor and king, with her majesty the empress, attended by their majesties the kings of Holland, Westphalia, and Naples, his imperial highness the prince viceroy, the queens of Holland, Westphalia, Naples, and Spain; madame and her imperial highness the princess Paulina. His majesty the emperor and king conde-

scended to address us in these terms:—

'My cousin, prince arch-chancellor,

'I dispatched to you a private letter, dated this day, to direct you to repair to my cabinet, for the purpose of communicating to you the resolution which I and the empress, my dearest consort, have taken. It gives me pleasure that the kings, queens, and princesses, my brothers and sisters, my brothers and sisters-in-law, my daughter-in-law, and my son-in-law become my adopted son, as well as my mother, should witness what I am going to communicate to you.

'The policy of my monarchy, the interest and the wants of my people, which have constantly guided all my actions, require, that after me I should leave to children, inheritors of my love for my people, that throne on which Providence has placed me. Notwithstanding, for several years past, I have lost the hope of having children by my marriage with my well beloved consort the empress Josephine. This it is which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to attend to nothing but the good of the state, and to wish the dissolution of my marriage.

'Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the hope of living long enough to educate in my views and sentiments the children which it may 'please Providence to give me. God knows how much such a resolution has cost my heart; and there is no sacrifice beyond my courage, when it is proved to me to be necessary to the welfare of France. I should add, that far from having reason to complain, on the contrary, I have had reason only to be satisfied with the attachment and the affection of my well-beloved consort, she has adorned fifteen years of my life, the remembrance of which will ever remain engraven on my heart: she was crowned by my hand: I wish she should preserve the rank and title of empress; but, above all, that she should never doubt my sentiments, and that she should ever regard me as her best and dearest friend.'

His majesty the emperor and king having ended, her majesty the empress queen spoke as follows:

'By the permission of our dear and august consort, I ought to declare, that not preserving any hope of having children, which may fulfil the wants of his policy and the interest of France, I am pleased to give him the greatest proof of attachment and devotion which has ever been given on earth. I possess all from his bounty; it was his hand which crowned me, and from the heighth of this throne I have received nothing but proofs of affection and love from the French people. I think I prove myself grateful in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which heretofore was an obstacle to the welfare of France, which deprived it of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendents of a great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no degree change the sentiments of my heart. The emperor will ever have in me his best friend. I know much this act, demanded by policy and by interests so great, has chilled his heart; but both of us exult in the

sacrifice which we make for the good of the country.'

After which, their imperial Majesties, having demanded an act of their respective declarations, as well as of the mutual consent contained in them, and which their majesties gave to the dissolution of their marriage, as also of the power which their majesties conferred on us, to follow up, as need shall require, the effect of their will. We, prince arch-chancellor of the empire, in obedience to the orders and requisitions of their majesties, have given the aforesaid acts, and have in consequence executed the present *proces verbal*, to serve and avail according to law: to which *proces verbal* their majesties have affixed their signatures, and which, after having been signed by the kings, queens, princes, and princesses present, has been signed by us, and countersigned by the secretary of state of the imperial family, who wrote with his own hand.

Done at the palace of the Thuilleries, the day, hour, and the year aforesaid. (Signed)

Napoleon, Josephine, Madame, Louis, Jerome Napoleon, Joachim Napoleon, Eugene Napoleon, Julie, Hortense, Catherine, Pauline, Caroline, Cambaceres (Prince Arch-Chancellor), *Count Regnault* (de St. Jean d'Angely).

Having seen the *projet* of the senatus consultum, drawn up in the form prescribed by the 57th article of the act of the constitution of the 4th of August 1802; after having heard the motives of the said *projet*, the orators of the council of state, and the report of the special committee appointed on the sitting of this day; the adoption having been discussed by the number of members prescribed by the 56th article of the act of the constitution of the 4th of August 1802, decrees:

Art. I. The marriage contracted between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine is dissolved. — II. The Empress Josephine shall preserve the title and rank of empress queen crowned. — III. Her dowry is fixed at an annual income of two millions of francs on the revenue of the state. — IV. All the assignments which may be made by the emperor in favor of the Empress Josephine on the funds of the civil list, shall be obligatory on his successors. — V. The present senatus consultum shall be transmitted by a message to his imperial and royal majesty.

London Fashions.

1. A DRESS of fine worked or plain muslin, with a short train; over the dress is a vest of crimson velvet, buttoned down the front with small gold buttons. The front and sleeves are intermixed with white satin, and the dress is edged round with a narrow gold plating. Head-dress a coronet cap of crimson velvet, turned up in front with an embroidery of gold lace. Ear-rings and necklace of cornelian and gold. White gloves and crimson shoes.

2. Dress of soft white sarcenet, edged round the bottom with silver cord; over the dress is a body of blue satin, terminating behind in two points; the back and sleeves are cut out in points, and the whole ornamented with silver cord. Head-dress a small blue satin cap with square corners trimmed with silver-lace and tassels, and ornamented in front with a silver spray, Necklace and ear-rings of pearl. White gloves and blue shoes.

BENEDICT.

A TRUE HISTORY.

[Continued from p. 21.]

THOUGH my aunt had scarcely been three weeks a mother at the period of my lamented uncle's death, yet such was the natural strength of her constitution, or such the sustaining support she received from heaven, that she not only arranged all the forms of the funeral, but entered with as much zeal into all pecuniary concerns as if the period alluded to had happened as many months back as it had days. 'God,' says the celebrated Sterne, 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;' but Mrs. Melville, instead of being shorn, found herself clothed with apparel soft and luxurious as the cygnet's breast; her jointure was two thousand *per annum*, and, as my uncle's property was all funded, she came in for her thirds.

My little cousin, however, was pronounced a very puny infant, and the chances were much in her favor that the whole of my deceased uncle's property would devolve to her. A selfish character is not formed by nature to become an attached parent; and Mrs. Melville had never displayed any of those proofs of tenderness and affection toward the children of her first marriage, which are at once delightful and interesting to behold. Whilst she had an object in view, she put on an appearance of maternal fondness, which, it has been observed, won my esteem, and excited my warmest panegyric; but no sooner did she become Mrs. Melville, than the veil was laid aside, and instead of being the attached, she appeared the cold, nay frequently the rigid mother.

My little relation, in compliment to the memory of hir deceased father, was christened Melville Belmont; and to this babe my aunt seemed to have transferred all the affection she had ever felt toward the children of the Hon. Mr. S——. I remained no longer at Belmont Lodge after the death of my deceased uncle than was necessary to have my sable habiliments prepared, and returned to Mr. F——l's with joy, instead of regret; for so completely changed was the conduct of all the domestics, except Mrs. Johnson, that I could not help feeling myself an intruder, rather than a welcome guest.

Upon the family taking up their abode at Belmont Lodge, Adolphus was sent to school to join his second brother; and my beloved uncle having observed the governess of the young ladies wholly unfit for the important office, persuaded their mother to send them to a capital school, the superior of which was a near relation of Mr. Montgomery's. After the death of her husband, however, Mrs. Melville pretended that school was upon a plan of expence she could not afford; in consequence of which, at the ensuing vacation, they were removed to an inferior one, in the neighbourhood of Paddington. We all, however, met at the vacation, and all felt the greatness of our loss; for my beloved uncle had behaved with parental kindness to his wife's children. Before, and for some months after our residence in the neighbourhood of Windsor, the little S——s had been taught to

treat me as the heir of Belmont Lodge; but the scene was now changed, and we all were compelled to offer homage to it's little lord. If he cried, we were accused of having made some noise that awoke him; if he was ill, we had either given him a sly pinch, or, in the nurse's absence, offered him some improper food; in short, not a day passed that we were not reprehended, or punished, for the fretful wailings of the poor sickly child. The repetition of undeserved reproof, or punishment, imperceptibly instilled the seeds of aversion towards the innocent object for whom we were compelled to bear them, and the hatred his brothers and sisters felt toward him far exceeded what I experienced; for my own part, so strong was the affection, or rather veneration, I experienced for the memory of my departed uncle, that I never accosted the little fellow by the name of Melville, or Belmont, without finding my heart yearn towards him, unless at those moments when I was smarting under corporal punishment, for having been accused of teasing the poor fretful child.

As the distresses of my early years, however, are not likely to interest my readers, although the most trifling circumstance is indelibly impressed upon my mind, I shall pass over the first four which succeeded my respected uncle's death, merely observing that, during that period, Mrs. Melville lost her eldest boy and girl by an epidemic fever, which broke out during the summer vacation; in consequence of which, Charles, the second son, was sent to Eton, to supply his brother's place. Adolphus, the youngest, who had been made the instrument of his mother's designs upon my uncle, was one of Fortune's favorite children; for his godfather, an old bachelor, dying about four years after my uncle, left him sole heir to his fortune.

As wealth was the goddess Mrs. Melville worshipped, those who possessed it became objects of her regard, and the little Melville and his brother Adolphus jointly seemed to engross all her thoughts. Mr. Barnard, which was the name of the gentleman who had left Adolphus this unexpected store of worldly treasures, had an insuperable aversion to all schools, and in his will recommended a Mr. Talbut as a proper tutor for his adopted son. In point of learning, or as a classical scholar, Mr. Talbut was doubtless equal to the important trust, but he was one of those sycophantic characters who ought never to be intrusted with the education of youth. To his superiors he was degenerately submissive, and, to obtain their approbation, would have condescended to the most menial employment; but, to his inferiors, he was as proudly imperious as an eastern potentate.

Such was the man whom Mrs. Melville engaged to complete the education of this now darling son; and, as two pupils would not be likely to increase his demand of salary, it was determined that I should be taken from the Reverend Mr. F——l's. This alteration of plan took place about four years after my respected relation's death, and soon after I had completed my eleventh year: Adolphus, as I have observed, was two older, and, until the period of residing constantly with him, I had fancied him an amiable boy: he then, however,

acted the part of a subaltern; but the case was now altered, and he was elevated to the rank of commander; and even the little Melville, who before the death of Mr. Barnard was the first person in the family, was frequently obliged to submit to the caprices of his elder brother.

My situation at that time was truly pitiable. Whatever fault my cousin committed was laid to my charge; for, from Mrs. Melville's representations, Mr. Talbut treated me as a being wholly dependent upon her bounty.

Despicable must be that mind which could reproach a child with it's misfortunes; yet repeatedly was I reproached with the obligations I owed my aunt; and as repeatedly, for the most trifling fault, threatened with being turned out of doors. I had patiently borne this cruel and unjust mode of conduct nearly twelve months, when Mr. Montgomery, unexpected and uninvited, arrived at Belmont Lodge. The kindness of that gentleman's conduct to me, upon the death of my dear uncle, had made an indelible impression upon my youthful heart; and so ecstatic was my joy at his arrival, that I actually burst into tears.

'Whence the meaning of this unmanly conduct, my dear fellow?' said Mr. Montgomery, cordially shaking me by the hand.

'Whence, indeed!' repeated Mrs. Melville, for 'Henry's heart is not prone to melt.'

'It is prone to feel, madam;' I replied, with spirit—'and to melt with joy at the sight of a real friend.'

There was something in the tone of my voice as I said this, which struck Mr. Montgomery, and evidently disconcerted Mrs. Melville; the former exclaimed,

'Well said, my boy! I honor and admire your feelings: yet I trust all the inhabitants of Belmont Lodge are your friends.'—The insidious Talbut was in the room when Mr. Montgomery expressed this opinion, and by an involuntary impulse I directed my eyes toward him, with a kind of reproachful gaze, that seemed to mark him as an enemy, instead of a friend.

'Mr. F——l informs me,' continued Mr. Montgomery, not appearing to notice my expressive look, 'that you are now under the care of a private tutor; and that gentleman, I conclude, is Mr. Talbut.' The artful sycophant bowed gracefully, saying,

'I have the honor, Sir, of being preceptor to Master S——, and Mrs. Melville generously wishes me to devote all my leisure hours to the instruction of her nephew.'

Mrs. Melville bit her lips, and appeared ready to sink with terror, whilst Talbut uttered the appalling sentence.

'Mrs. Melville generously wishes you to devote your leisure hours to the instruction of her nephew!!' repeated Mr. Montgomery, with a mixture of contempt and indignation in the tone of his voice.—'I could not have heard right; for it is impossible Mrs. Melville could have represented this young gentleman as dependent upon her. This matter must be explained, Madam,' continued he, 'I was the bosom friend of your husband, and know that boy not only possesses an independent, but an ample fortune. Through the mistaken fondness of my friend,' added he, elevating his accents,

'this youth has been intrusted to your care; but no leisure hours shall be devoted to his education; he has a right to, and shall have, the ablest masters.'

'You are warm, Mr. Montgomery,' replied Mrs. Melville, in the softest and most insinuating tone of voice; 'and warm, my dear Sir, without knowing the motive by which I have been actuated. Henry's disposition is headstrong and overbearing, as his tutor, I am certain, is ready to testify: is he not, Mr. Talbut?' turning to the astonished tutor, who made a silent bow. 'Well, my dear Mr. Montgomery, I was anxious to curb this overbearing temper, which I was apprehensive would prove destructive to the dear boy; and so—and—therefore I—I thought it would be prudent to let him suppose for a few years he was dependent upon me.'

'There is no motive whatever, Madam,' replied Mr. Montgomery, 'that can authorise a deviation from truth: there are a variety of methods to subdue a headstrong disposition, without, in my opinion, such a despicable resort. Besides, I understood from my departed friend, it was your attachment to that little fellow which first excited his regard.'

'Attachment, Sir!' repeated my deceptious relation; 'and have I not given an indisputable proof of my attachment to dear Mr. Melville's adopted son, by resorting to those measures which I conceived most likely to check that arrogance of temper, which, if encouraged, might have proved his bane through life? Yet I perceive, Mr. Montgomery, the best and purest intentions are liable to misrepresentation, particularly if a woman has had the misfortune to lose her strongest champion and her best friend.'

Tears, on the part of Mrs. Melville, were not wanting, either to enforce her reasons, or to affect Mr. Montgomery's feelings; but he was a man whose real judgement was not to be imposed upon, by the fictitious display of sentiment, or the assumed appearance of sensibility, for he formed his opinion of a character by actions, not by words; and at the period of my respected uncle's decease, he had witnessed too many proofs of his relicts designing plans against me, to believe her capable of being influenced by real attachment. Entertaining this opinion of the woman to whose care my education was imprudently intrusted, my readers may probably feel astonished at his having suffered four years to elapse, without either making any inquiries after my welfare, or taking any active measure to discover whether I was kindly treated or properly instructed: but the truth is, soon after the decease of my revered relation, a friend of Mr. Montgomery died in the East Indies, leaving him a large fortune in that country, yet under such a variety of restrictions, as required his presence properly to arrange; and he had only returned to his native country about a fortnight, when he proved the zeal he felt for my welfare, by paying a personal visit to the mistress of Belmont Lodge. From not entertaining a high opinion of Mrs. Melville's character, he made a point of obtaining an accurate account of every circumstance relative to my deceased father's property, took out a copy of the will which

had been in the possession of my uncle, and compared it with the one which had been registered in the court of Calcutta, and even visited the monument which had been erected at the public expence in honour of my esteemed father's memory.

Neither to Mrs. Melville's tears, or declarations of being influenced by affectionate motives in representing me as a dependent upon her bounty, did Mr. Montgomery make any remark; but turning to Mr. Talbut, said,

'Well, Sir, then from this day I trust you will equally devote your time and attention to both your pupils; and I am of opinion, if Henry has equal justice done him with Adolphus Melville, he will make as brilliant a figure in society as his cousin.'

A smile and a bow were always Mr. Talbut's ready auxiliaries, and both were directed toward Mr. Montgomery as he closed the last sentence. Adolphus, however, had not been present during the preceding conversation, but at the close of it entered the room, and seeing me engaged in drawing a landscape, unceremoniously snatched the pencil out of my hand, and before I had the power of preventing the mischief, scratched it over with twenty or thirty strokes.

'How dare you behave in that manner to me?' I exclaimed, in an elevated tone of voice, at the same time certain I should find a champion in Mr. Montgomery.

'How dare I! how dare I!' repeated the astonished Adolphus, 'Do you hear how he speaks to me, Mr. Talbut?'

'Very improper I allow to his elder;' replied Talbut, 'but recollect you were the aggressor, master Adolphus.'

'Have not I a right to do what I please with my own pencil?' inquired the astonished pupil.

'Surely Mr. Talbut you are not going to take that fellow's part? have you not a thousand times told me, I was master of this house? and does not my kind mamma keep him out of charity? or else I know what.'—

'And I know what too, 'young man!' exclaimed Mr. Montgomery, whom I conclude Adolphus had not observed —'For I know, if I was your father, I would horsewhip you till you could not move an inch; allowing that your cousin was dependent upon your mother's bounty, how dare you insult him, by naming a kindness bestowed; but let me tell you, proud boy, that he is independent of your mother, and possesses a fortune, ample as your own.

I have merely given this trait of childhood, to convince my readers in how truly comfortless a manner I passed the early part of my life; or rather that period of it, when unkindness makes the strongest impression on the mind. It would be difficult to say, which of the trio appeared most confounded, the mother, the tutor, or the son, by Mr. Montgomery's observations; but the embarrassed Adolphus regained the power of utterance first, and turning to his mother, said, 'It is your fault mamma, that I said Henry was dependent; for you know you told me he was; and so have you Mr. Talbut, that you have many a time, and often.'

'You have been led into the belief of a falsehood,' rejoined Mr. Montgomery, 'by those who ought

to have inspired you with a love of truth; but there can be no palliation for the rudeness you were guilty of, in snatching the pencil from your cousin's hand, and wantonly effacing a drawing, in which he was displaying taste, and skill.'

'You have an able champion indeed, Henry, in Mr. Montgomery;' said Mrs. Melville coloring with indignation; 'and now Sir, as you have wisely been informed that you are an independent gentleman, I hope you will act up to the character.'

'I not only hope, but trust, he will madam;' replied Mr. Montgomery.—The servant at that instant announced Mr. Delemere, whose arrival put a stop to a conversation which was evidently painfully unpleasant to all parties. Mr. Delemere was a young cantab, who had recently quitted Eton; and to whom Mrs. Melville's deceased son, whilst at school, had been what is generally termed a fag; though in fact that young gentleman had not required any of those menial offices the elder boys generally expect the younger ones to perform for them. Lambert Delemere, on the contrary, had been the friend, and kind instructor, of his young favorite; assisted him in his tasks, and took every opportunity of evincing towards him a mixture of brotherly affection, and parental solicitude.

The Honorable Mrs. Delemere, the mother of this accomplished and amiable young man, was the widow of a nobleman's son, whose fortune by the generosity of a godmother far exceeded that of his elder brother; in consequence of which she enjoyed a large jointure; and during the summer months inhabited a beautiful villa upon the banks of the Thames. In consequence of the sons of both ladies being at the same public seminary, an intimacy took place between them; and the specious manners of Mrs. Melville completely imposed upon the unsuspicious mind of Mrs. Delemere; who actually gave her credit for possessing those virtues which were the constant theme of her admiration. George Delemere, the young gentleman who so opportunely arrived at Belmont Lodge, had just completed his eighteenth year; he was the eldest of four surviving children; though Mrs. Delemere had been the mother of ten; for a pulmonary complaint, which had proved fatal to the father, had been equally so to six younger children; and the blooming Louisa, a lovely girl about ten years of age, displayed symptoms of that dreadful disease.

Louisa, being the only girl, was equally the idol of her mother and brothers; and justly did she merit the fondest proofs of partiality. If perfection could fall to the lot of mortals, Louisa Delemere might be termed perfect; she had the beauty of Venus, united to the wit of Minerva, to which was added a native urbanity of manners seldom met with in young women; yet these attracting qualities were scarcely thought of by those who had an opportunity of witnessing a tenderness of disposition, and an humanity of feeling, which rendered her as susceptible to the sorrows of a beggar, as she would have been to the distresses of a princess.

From my residence at Belmont Lodge to the period when my kind friend, Mr. Montgomery, explain-

ed to me that I was no dependent upon the bounty of it's imperious mistress, I had been in the habit of seeing Lousia Delemere, and participating with her, the joyous sports of children. On those occasions she had frequently defended my from the usurping power of my cousins; in short, she was the only being among their young acquaintance who did not aid them in making me feel my dependence. The bare mention of Louisa Delemere made my young heart throb with pleasure; if I heard of her having received an invitation to the lodge, I could scarcely sleep the preceeding night; and though Adolphus as by right seemed to claim her undivided attention, I felt grateful and delighted if she favored me with one enchanting smile. Adolphus regularly contrived to form amusements in which three only could be occupied, namely, Louisa, his sister, and himself; but to thisplan Louisa regularly objected, as being uncivilized and selfish. 'He can see us play, and that is sufficient;' the ungracious Adolphus would exclaim.

'It may satisfy you, master Melville, but I can never feel satisfied if I am guilty of rudeness,' was the constant reply of the amiable Louisa, 'to the proposals of my uncivilized cousin.'

George Delemere likewise had frequently witnessed the wide difference Mr. Talbut made between me and Adolphus; and having entered just after that artful man, had been informed of my independent situation, appeared astonished at seeing me treated with so much kindness, and what, by comparison, appeared respect. At the request of Mr. Montgomery, both Adolphus and myself were permitted to set up to supper, an indulgence which my cousin had frequently enjoyed; but which I never before had experienced, and therefore considered it as a greater treat. Rejoiced as I was, however, custom, or rather exhausted nature, triumphed over pleasure, and I found it impossible to keep my eyes unclosed; when leaning my head upon the table, I fell into a kind of dose: still my oral faculties were not quite overpowered, and I heard Mr. Delemere say, 'Poor fellow! the delight you have given him this evening, madam, yields to the drowsy God; he is a charming boy! I am really attached to him; and think he would make a famous admiral. I was speaking of him this morning to my friend Captain Rion; for knowing him to be dependent, and having found his inclination led him to a sea-faring life, there is no man, my dear Mrs. Melville, so likely to make a good sailor of him, as Captain R——; in fact, to make you acquainted with my friend's readiness to receive him under his protection, was one motive which induced me to visit Belmont Lodge this evening.'

Distress greater than was portrayed upon Mrs. Melville's countenance whilst the noble-minded young man was speaking, never was displayed by human being; she coughed, hemmed, winked, and nodded, but all to no purpose; for Delemere, conscious that he had been performing an act of friendship in recommending me to the protection of so exalted a character as Captain Rion, had not the most distant idea, that all those symptoms of vexation could have any meaning.

Mrs. Melville having preserved a total silence some mo-

ments after Mr. Delemere had closed his speech, my kind friend and champion said, 'When Henry is of an age, Sir, to be sensible of your intended kindness toward him, I am persuaded he will not only express, but feel, the warmest sentiments and gratitude for it. However affluent a boy's fortune may be, Mr. Delemere, he ought certainly to have some object of pursuit; and if our young favorite's wishes incline toward the navy, his education ought, in a certain degree, to be confined to that point; at least, he should have proper masters to instruct him in mathematics and navigation; but I should be very sorry to see him placed even under the protection of Captain Rion, until he had obtained a degree of theoretical knowlege of nautical affairs. Henry, I am sorry to say, Mr. Delemere, has, I find, displayed so many traits of a proud overbearing disposition, that, with the view of humbling it, Mrs. Melville has been induced to circulate a report of his being dependent upon her bounty; but as I am one of those singular beings who could never connive at, or countenance a falsehood, I have ventured to point out to her the impropriety of that mode of conduct; and I likewise think it necessary to inform you that Colonel ——, Mr. Melville's brother-in-law, (and Henry's father) left him not only a handsome, but an ample fortune; this truth I can assert with confidence, having a copy of the late colonel's will in my possession.'

Young as I was at that period, yet my understanding was sufficiently enlightened to make my observations; and though Mr. Montgomery's words were very impressive, yet the tone of his voice conveyed a meaning which even a child could not avoid comprehending. Mrs. Melville, however, appeared perfectly relieved by the censure which my worthy friend had cast upon me, though a discriminating ear would easily have discovered that the reproof was solely intended for herself; and such was the effect it produced on Mr. Delemere, if any attention is to be paid to the variation of countenance.

To the remarks of Mr. Montgomery, he said that he heartily rejoiced at finding that I did not require Captain Rion's aid as a means of support, yet, that he was certain, I might always claim his kindness and protection as a friend.

Mr. Montgomery remained only two days Mrs. Melville's guest, but during that time, he took several opportunities of conversing with me in private; and remonstrating against that overbearing cast of disposition which he assured me would ultimately tend in my own ruin. Though providence had not blessed me with intellects peculiarly transcendent, yet he had endowed me with a clear and comprehensive understanding; and I could not help discerning that the account given of my overbearing temper, was merely a subterfuge to veil Mrs. Melville's iniquitous plans; and young as I was, the idea struck me, that had not Mr. Montgomery returned to England, it was her intention to have destroyed my father's will: how far I was right in this conjecture will be proved hereafter; yet it may strike my readers as rather extraordinary, that I should have believed myself to be so totally dependent upon Mrs. Melville's

bounty, or my patient submission to the insulting airs of Adolphus, and the overbearing conduct of his tutor, must have proved that I did.

The impressions of early childhood are naturally confused, though not easily eradicated: I had, upon my first arrival at Belmont Lodge been taught to believe myself it's heir; but upon the arrival of the little Melville I found myself mistaken; and therefore my mind was in a certain degree prepared for future degradations: the only friend I had in the family after the decease of my beloved uncle, was Mrs. Johnson, the former attendant on my dear mother, who, at her death, had the chief care of me, and upon my uncle's marriage was made housekeeper at Belmont Lodge. Mrs. Johnson, however, had an only daughter; who, upon her going to India she placed under the care of a sister in Wales; and this young woman, soon after Mrs. Johnson's return to England, was attacked with a violent rheumatic complaint: the account of this disorder was of course transmitted to the mother, who naturally felt solicitous to relieve, or mitigate the sufferings of an only child; and a few days previous to the death of my respected uncle she expressed a wish of resigning her situation, and going into Wales. A resignation my uncle would not even hear of; though he readily agreed to her visiting her daughter, and during her absence, a Mrs. Green, a creature of Mrs. Melville, was engaged to fill the office of housekeeper.

Whilst the worthy woman was making preparations for her intended journey, the melancholy circumstance which deprived me of a second father occurred; and a short time after the funeral, Mrs. Johnson commenced her tour; though previous to her departure Mrs. Melville assured her that Green should resign the office of housekeeper whenever Mrs. Johnson returned.

My kind nurse (for by that appellation she had always desired me to call her) found her daughter a perfect martyr to the disease under which she labored: but the young woman being naturally blessed with a good constitution, she struggled with this rheumatic complaint upwards of four years; when Providence having crowned the exertions of the medical gentleman who attended her with success, she unexpectedly recovered the use of her limbs; and Mrs. Johnson, from affection to me, and respect to the memory of her deceased master, resolved not only to return to England, but to reinstate herself in the office of Mrs. Melville's housekeeper. Mrs. Melville was one of those characters who would make many sacrifices to obtain popularity, particularly among the lower classes of society, and she piqued herself upon being called a good mistress. She obtained that character, it must be allowed; but by what disgraceful means! She suffered herself to be actually plundered by her servants, by shutting her eyes against the grossest impositions. Mrs. Green, not feeling her situation permanent, resolved to make hay whilst the sun shone; or, to make use of a still more common expression, 'to feather her nest whilst it was in her power.'

On the day after Mr. Montgomery's arrival at the Lodge, Mrs. Johnson unexpectedly returned from Wales, to the utter mortifi-

cation of Mrs. Green, who, according to agreement, was compelled to resign her post. Had Mrs. Melville considered her own interest, she would have hailed the return of this disinterested domestic; but the deceptious Mrs. Green had so far won the good opinion of her mistress, by pretended zeal and attachment, that though she had promised to reinstate my nurse in her former situation, she could not bear the idea of parting from that sycophant. To give an appearance of justice, however, to a plan she had previously concerted, she told Johnson, that her faithful services to her departed husband actually demanded some proof of gratitude, and there, knowing Mrs. Johnson was fond of poultry and a dairy, she was resolved to put her into a small farm, the grounds of which joined those belonging to the Lodge; that she should have the charge of all the poultry, and the care of six cows; in short, that Mrs. Johnson should supply the family with cream, butter, eggs, poultry, &c.

As humble independence is doubtless better than splendid dependence, Mrs. Johnson gratefully accepted the proposal; and in less than a month after her return to Belmont, was comfortably established in her little farm.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT from the Dramatic Entertainment intituled 'NOT AT HOME,' performed by the Drury-Lane Company at the Lyceum Theatre.

The CHARACTERS were—

Lovell - - -	Mr. Melvin.
Fitzalban - -	Mr. Decamp.
Spectre - - -	Mr. Mathews.
Lord Sedley -	Mr. Holland.
Dawson - -	Mr. I. Smith.
Cuffee - - -	Mr. Oxberry.
Mrs. Lovell -	Mrs. Orger.
Mrs. Melvil -	Mrs. Maddox
Emily Melvil -	Mrs. Mathews.
Lucy - - -	Mrs. Scott.
Martha - -	Miss Tidswell.

Gentlemen, Groom, Apothecary, Waiter, &c.

SCENE—St. Ives.

The lines within inverted commas were omitted in the representation.

ACT I.

SCENE. *A Room at Mrs. Melvil's.*

EMILY *and* LUCY *discovered.*

Lucy. Dear Miss Emily! Pray don't take it so much to heart. I would not mind such a vile, slanderous cruel set, that could desert me without reason.

Emily. You are mistaken, Lucy. It is not without apparent reason that the world have given me up. Lord Sedley's arts were deeply contrived. He conceived that the loss of reputation would be followed by the loss of virtue.—No! I blame not the world.

Lucy. Is'nt it odd, my dear Miss Emily, that that handsome young man, who had like to have broken his neck in our lane, has never come again to thank my mistress for the care she took of him that night? Lord, Ma'am! I wish you had staid and seen him. Mr. Fitzalban is no Lord Sedley, I'll be sworn.

Emily. Mr. Fitzalban is nothing to me.

Lucy. Oh! I wish he was.

Emily. Cease trifling. Did you see Martha last night?

Lucy. I did, Ma'am. The good old woman sent you a thousand blessings, and expects you this afternoon.

Emily. Leave me; I wish to be alone.

Lucy. *(aside.)* Poor thing! [*Exit.*

Emily. Not care for the opinion of the world! How is that possible? In vain my heart tells me I am innocent. It is galling, very galling to be shunned; to be spoken of as a frail and guilty creature, lost to honour, a disgrace to my sex.—To be the victim of so foul a falsehood!

Rondeau;—Plaintive.

THE SLANDERED MAID.

Nay let the stricken deer, poor thing;
Go weep, and sigh, and languish,
Till balmy death remove the sting
Of undeserved anguish.

The guileless maid with danger treads
The purest paths of joy,
Or love for her his trammels spreads,
Or slander's shafts destroy.
Nay, let the, &c.

And let the slandered maid go weep,
Remote from ev'ry eye;
With sainted spirits vigils keep,
And wait her hour to die.
Nay, let the, &c.

Enter FITZALBAN *gently through a garden-door, during the last last verse, and appears in admiration.*

Fitz. Most musical! most melancholy!

Emily. *(starting.)* Heavens!

Fitz. Forgive me, Madam.

Emily. Sir!

Fitz. This, Madam, I presume, is Mrs. Melvil's house.

Emily. It is, Sir.

Fitz. I have the honor to be known to her—the good fortune to be obliged to her.

Emily. *(recollecting him.)* I beg your pardon—I recollect—pray take a chair—I will call my mother directly. [*Exit.*

Fitz. *(looking after her.)* Mother!—What an angelic daughter! If her understanding be equal to her beauty, faith, Fitzalban! thou wilt have to surrender thy heart at discretion.

Enter MRS. MELVIL.

Mrs. M. I am glad to see you well, Sir.

Fitz. I blush, Madam, to think that I have suffered a whole week to pass, without repeating my thanks for the hospitality I received under this roof.

Mrs. M. I beg you will think no more of it.

Fitz. *(aside.)* I am afraid this angel does not mean to return. Shall I not have the pleasure of seeing Miss Melvil?

Mrs. M. Surely.—Lucy!—We live in a very retired way, Mr. Fitzalban.—Lucy!

Enter LUCY.

Mrs. M. Tell Miss Melvil we shall be glad of her company.

Lucy. She is just gone out, Ma'am, to walk.

Fitz. Walk! eh! into the garden? *(Lucy curtsies.)* Yours is a delightful garden, Ma'am!—Shall we? A very delightful garden, Ma'am—I long to see it—Pray, Ma'am. *(Hands* Mrs. M. *out before she can answer.)*

Lucy. A delightful garden, Ma'am! I long to see it;—pray, Ma'am! If that is not a proper spirit, I don't know what is. He has a falling-in-love eye—Lud!

lud! my dear, dear, Miss Emily! [*Exit.*

SCENE. *Before Lovell's house.*

Enter LORD SEDLEY *and* DAWSON.

Lord Sedley. I remember to have seen Fitzalban at Cambridge, but we never associated. For what is he intended?

Dawson. He inherits a large estate in Shropshire.

Lord Sedley. Do you know what brings him to St. Ives?

Dawson. No—we will join him at the inn after our visit to Lovell.

Lord Sedley. We must not stay long here.

Dawson. Unless there be a peculiar charm in the sound of Lord Sedley's title, our visit will not retard our return to the inn. I am seldom allowed to find any of them at home.

Lord Sedley. It is very odd.

Dawson. Not at all. Lovell, a complete libertine, who, like Lord Sedley, held every woman to be at heart a rake, and who scrupled not to overleap every barrier to his desires, has found a woman, who has contrived to deprive him of that liberty, which, like you, he had so repeatedly sworn never to forego.

Lord Sedley. Ha! ha! ha! good! good!

Dawson. He continues desperately enamoured.

Lord Sedley. How long has he been married?

Dawson. A natural question. They are in their second year.

Lord Sedley. Ha, ha! And he doubts her, eh?

Dawson. Of her honor he has no fear, if left to herself; but then, the arts he has practised on women are perpetually present to his imagination, and he suspects every likely fellow that enters his doors.

Lord Sedley. Ha, ha, ha! Why the devil did he marry?

Dawson. Because marriage, or relinquishing his object, was the alternative.—And what, think you, is the plan he has fallen upon now to secure her heart?

Lord Sedley. He does not lock her up, I hope.

Dawson. No, no! no, no! a much better plan.

Lord Sedley. What is it?

Dawson. He is resolved to be more pleasant in her eyes than any other man.

Lord Sedley. That, indeed.—If it were possible, in defiance of time and nature.

Dawson. (*looking out.*) Here comes a youth will let your lordship into the secret, and facilitate my explanation. His name is Spectre.

Lord Sedley. Surely he will not be admitted.

Dawson. Oh, yes! he will.

Lord Sedley. Why, he's not so ugly, neither.

Dawson. No; but before he enters the house he will contrive to make himself the ugliest fellow in the world. Thus disguised, he will gain admittance. Lovell, unsuspicious of the stratagem, takes him to his bosom, as his friend. But here he comes.

(*They stand aside.*)

Enter SPECTRE.

He is meagre, and appears dressed outré, with a towering cape, a black dashing wig, and a smart hat, which is so contrived that the crown can be raised or flattened to the head—a pocket-glass in his hand, he examines himself as he advances.

Spectre. This lovely woman has made me a man—Love is the spring of all the fine feelings—(*striking his breast, and standing affectedly.*) Lovely, lovely sex! (*sighs*) Yet cruel as lovely! Oh, that Mrs. Lovell could be brought to abate a little of her purity! This (*looking at his glass*), this is a very becoming wig—a very becoming wig—a charming pudding this! (*raising his neckcloth.*) But my friend Lovell must not see me in this trim—Before I knock I must disguise my figure.

Retires to the bottom to alter his appearance: he throws down the high cape of his coat, which flaps over his shoulders, flattens his hat, takes off the pudding neckcloth, leaving a narrow stock visible. The neckcloth he puts into a side pocket, pulls off the dashing black wig, and discovers a carroty shock head of hair with a high forehead. The wig he puts into another pocket. While he is thus employed the dialogue is continued between Lord S. *and* Dawson, *who come forward laughing.*

Dawson. That creature, my Lord, is one of the most agreeable men Lovell admits into his house. You will no longer wonder that there is no danger of his being supplanted in her affection.

Lord S. It would puzzle him to find such another ugly dog.

Dawson. Oh no! He is the handsomest of the whole set. All his men servants are as ugly as sin, the negro excepted, but he relies on his color. His tradesmen are chosen by their gradation in hideousness. (*standing aside*)

Spectre *coming forward.*

Spectre. I have read somewhere that Cupid is the real Proteus, who by assuming all forms pleases all tastes—for there is no accounting for tastes.

(*Knocks at* Lovell's *door.*)

(Cuffee *opens the door.*)

Cuffee. Ah! Massa 'Pectre! please walk in, sa—Massa up 'taize.

Spectre. So much the worse! I hope to be luckier another time.

(*Goes in, singing, 'Such a beauty I did grow.'* Cuffee *shuts the door.*)

Lord S. *and* Dawson *laugh.*

Lord S. Who have we here? a visitor?

Dawson. He'll not be admitted.

(*A gentleman of gay appearance crosses the stage, and knocks at* Lovell's *door, which is opened by* Cuffee)

Gent. Mr. Lovell?

Cuffee. (*surveying him.*) Not at home, sa.

Gent. Mrs. Lovell?

Cuffee. Oh no! Not at home.

(Gentleman *leaves a card and exit.* — *door shut.*)

Dawson. I told you so.

Enter another Gentleman *booted and spurred, knocks, and* Cuffee *opens.*

Gent. How do ye, Cuffee?

Cuffee. Tank you, sa.

Gent. Your master?

Cuffee. No sa! Not at home.

Gent. How is your mistress, Cuffee?

Cuffee. Misses not well at all, massa.

Gent. I'll go up and ask her how she does.

Cuffee. Misses not at home, sa.

Gent. You said she was ill.

Cuffee. Hih! Misses no so ill but she can go take a ride.

Gent. Oh! which way is she gone?

Cuffee. (*after a short pause.*) De Huntingdon road, sa.

Gent. I'll mount my horse and ride that way. (*Cuffee turns his head and laughs.*) If I miss her, remember to tell her this is the third time I have called. [*Exit.*

Cuffee. You ride far enough before you ketch her, he, he, he! Da his own faw't for not take civil answer at first—he, he, he! he! *Exit and shut the door.*

Lord S. Ha, ha, ha! and so this poor woman is to be kept from the sight of every human countenance.—Stay, the door opens.

(*Lovell's door opens, a person comes out and crosses the stage.*)

Dawson. That's his apothecary. The deep pits of the small-pox were his recommendations, and they were powerfully enforced by the long tamboured skirts of his pompadour waistcoat.

Lord S. Ha, ha, ha! it's our turn.

Dawson. To be dismissed.

They knock, Cuffee *opens.*

Dawson. Mr Lovell?

Cuffee. Not at home sa.

Lord S. Mrs. Lovell?

Cuffee. Not at home, sa.

They leave cards and exeunt laughing.

Cuffee. He, he! Dey damn deal too handsome for come in here. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*A room in Lovell's house: a table with chemical apparatus upon it.*

(Mr. *and* Mrs. Lovell *at another table with books;* Lovell *in a morning gown.*)

Lovell. That's right; you are an apt scholar, Fanny.

"*Mrs. L.* It is so clear, put "sugar in water it melts, for "having an affinity with oxygen "and hydrogen, it dissolves and "combines; and if there is such a "quantity—a very great quan-"tity, it saturates: whereas put "magnesia in water, it sinks, and "that's precipitating. Extract-"ing the spirit of any thing by "condensing vapor is called dis-"tilling, and double distilling is "subliming—

"*Lovell.* No, no!—rectify-"ing." Is not chemistry a charming study?

(*They come forward.*

Mrs. L. Yes, but I like botany better.

Lovell. Why?

Mrs. L. The plants make love so sweetly, you know: their aromatic sighs are so delightful.

Lovell. But that's the chemistry of nature. Chemistry is the soul of love. "Not a plant that "sheds it's perfume, or a turtle-"dove that coos it's fondness, but "is a creature of chemistry." But this would lead us too far at present, and I must prepare for my appointment at Huntingdon. Now, my dear Fanny, is not this feast of reason and this flow of soul a life far preferable to all the foolish flatteries of a parcel of buzzing coxcombs that infest the atmosphere in the rays of beauty?

Mrs. L. Nothing, my dear Henry, can be more delightful than the improvement of the mind.

Lovell. *(fondling her)* Then it is so pleasing to think you are all my own — all my own, Fanny, — that no other — Not that I have any tincture of jealousy in my disposition, my love.

Mrs. L. Oh dear! jealousy!

Lovell. No, no, no! It is merely the delight I take in having you all my own — you understand me.

Mrs. L. Perfectly.

Lovell. Perfectly! how do you mean?

Mrs. L. Mean? Henry? That you love me. Don't you?

Lovell. Love you, Fanny! can you doubt it? But do you find it dull here, Fanny?

Mrs. L. Not in the least. Yet it is very odd I have seen so few of my acquaintances lately. I wonder what is become of Frank Archer, Roper, Wilmot and our other friends?

Lovell. *(his countenance altered)* Fanny! there is nothing more indelicate than calling men by their names.

Mrs. L. Ha, ha, ha! How are they to be called then?

Lovell. Surely, it is more delicate to say Mr. in speaking of men; and particularly such youths as Mr. Archer, Mr. Roper, Mr. Wilmot.

Mrs. L. Psha! you are too nice. Besides, don't I often call Mr. Spectre, Spectre? and you never took notice of it.

Lovell. But that's very different. — Come now, you know that's very difficult. Spectre's my friend: a worthy, though not a handsome man — a man incapable of giving me pain.

Mrs. L. Very—But what pain did ever Mr. Roper, Mr. Archer, or Mr. Wilmot, give you?

Lovell. Pain! They? I did not say they ever did, did I?

Mrs. L. Not exactly—Yet—

Lovell. Yet! This is very provoking of you, Fanny, to put such a construction on my words. *They* give me pain indeed!

Enter Cuffee.

Cuffee. Massa 'Pectre in de parla, sa, waiting to know if he may come up.

Lovell. Show him up.

Cuffee gives the cards of the visitors privately to Lovell.

Mrs. L. Who has been here today? I have heard several raps at the door.

Cuffee. To-day, Misses? Oh, Mr. 'Pectre, Mr. Leeson, who no 'top, but only say how dee: Mr. 'Pectre who come in, and two mistake.

Mrs. L. It's very odd! scarcely a day passes without some mistakes.

Cuffee. Ebery day, ebery day, Misses. People fool for come lose deir way here. [*Exit.*

Lovell. Before Spectre comes up, let me beg of you, my dear Fanny, to give up all thoughts of bringing the Melvils into company, or even of seeing them in private. I have reason to believe that the intrigue between Lord Sedley and the daughter is by no means at an end.

Mrs. L. I am confident it never had a beginning. Emily Melvil is both virtuous and amiable.

Lovell. Her paramour has been lately seen here.

Mrs. L. Scandalous! she has no paramour. To please you, Henry, I have sacrificed to appearances. I go but seldom to Emily, but my sentiments of her will never change. I shall leave you with Mr. Spectre.

Lovell. Should he ask for you, shall I send him while I equip myself for riding?

Mrs. L. As you like—it is a matter of total indifference to me. *Exit*]

Lovell. Charming creature! This is just as it ought to be. It should be a matter of total indifference to every married woman, whether she ever sees a man but her husband—*(pauses)* But Spectre is such an ugly fellow, indifference is no proof of virtue. Would the case have been the same had he been handsome? I'll not try her. I know the sex too well.—It was a damned piece of folly in me to marry; but being married I must have her whole heart, her whole attention. No handsome puppy shall share a glance. My mind is oppressed—Oh, that I had a friend whom I could trust and consult! Here comes Spectre. May I not confide in him?—I will. An antidote himself to love, he will enter into all my feelings, render me service in flapping off the flies, and be the very friend I want.

Enter Spectre.

My dear Tom, how do you do?

Spectre. How are you, Lovell?

Lovell. Any thing new.

Spectre. That notorious gallant Lord Sedley is at St. Ives.

Lovell. So I find by a card he has just left here.

Spectre. Are you intimate with him?

Lovell. Not so much as formerly.

Spectre. How does Mrs. Lovell do?

Lovell. Well, and more beautiful than ever, Tom. You shall go and see her presently.

Spectre. I'll take your word; my visit is to *you*.

Lovell (*aside.*) Mutual indifference! Ugly and indifferent! Just what a friend should be. Did you see Sedley?

Spectre. I passed him at the King's Arms. He is remarkably handsome. Do you mean to see him?

Lovell. I! I see him! What here?

Spectre. No, no! no, no! There was a dev'lish handsome fellow with him and Dawson.

Lovell. Ey! What! Who?

Spectre. I'll describe my own figure and terrify him (*aside*). He has such a fine leg.

Lovell. Fine leg! fine leg! eh?

Spectre. Damn me, if ever I saw such a capital turned calf and ancle in all my life.

(*looking at his own and Lovell's.*)

Lovell. Curse his calf and leg! Who is it?

Spectre. Why it is—But the most striking part about him is just here—hereabouts *(putting his hands to his waists and hips, and imitating)* which makes him walk so graceful—the line of beauty, eh! The true line of beauty!

Lovell. *(his face convulsed)* Hah! walks gracefully, eh!

Spectre. Impossible for any woman to resist such a walk—look!

Lovell. What's his name? *(agitated)*

Spectre. Why; why! what's the matter Lovell?

Lovell. Oh, nothing, nothing—*(affecting ease)* Who is it?

Spectre. The elegant Fitzalban.

Lovell. I wish there was no such thing as an elegant man in the world.

Spectre. We are great pests to

be sure. What a jealous devil! *(aside)*

Lovell. Oh, Tom! I have an immense weight on my heart, which I long to lodge in the bosom of my friend.

Spectre. (aside) A very friendly longing!

Lovell. I have tried you, Spectre, for some time. Come, let 's sit down. *(They take chairs)* For some months, my dear Tom, I have observed the amiable disinterestedness of your heart.

Spectre. Oh, my dear friend!

Lovell. I am sure I can confide in you. Every line of your *friendly* countenance assures me that I can.

Spectre. Humph!

Lovell. It is a countenance that cannot be mistaken; one that can never deceive or injure a friend.

Spectre. Humph! It's well enough as times go—unbosom.

Lovell. (looking him full in the face, pausing, then taking his hand) Yes! 'tis an open honest face and I will confide in it.—Tom! I feel that I am married—

Spectre. Feel!

Lovell. Yes — I feel it here. *(pressing his bosom)*

Spectre. Why, d—n it! that 's almost as bad as feeling it here. *(pointing to his forehead)*

Lovell. It is not that I doubt Mrs. Lovell's honour, Tom. No, by my own I swear, I believe her virtuous. But I know the sex so well. Not one of them but may be won by address and a fresh face. When first I saw my Fanny she was surrounded by lovers—to make her mine I was compelled to marry.

Spectre. Shocking alternative!

Lovell. I became miserable—Every smile she bestowed upon another shot a poisoned dart into my soul. I could not endure it. By degrees I secluded her from the company of men, because I knew too well that men would assail her heart—Oh, woman, woman!

Spectre. Oh lovely woman! *(sympathising ludicrously)* But I am not so well acquainted with the sex as you are.

Lovell. True.

Spectre. D—me, not so true, neither. *(aside.*

Lovell. Happy fellow! nature has been kind to *you*, for it is much better to have been cast in friendship's mould than in love's.

Spectre. What *do you* mean? *(staring at Lovell.*

Lovell. Not but—that—you are —extremely—a, a, a, extremely —you know what I would say—

Spectre. No I don't, I be d——d if I do.

Lovell. My dear Tom, don't be tetchy — I mean — don't be captious now — I mean, *comme il faut*, proper, personable, very—

Spectre. (*rising.*) D—me, he means to tell me to my face that I am ugly. (*aside.*)

Lovell. (*rising.*) Zounds! I believe Tom thinks he is handsome. (*aside.*)

Spectre. But I'll be revenged. (*aside.*)

Lovell. I say, Tom, that in spite of your being a, a, personable man (you are indeed, Tom, a very personable man), yet you are less a seducer than most men.

Spectre. (aside.) I'll make you pay for this.

Lovell. From principle, I mean. Indeed, I am sure entirely free from it.

Spectre. Lord, you know it

a'nt in me.—We'll see though. *(aside.)*

Lovell. To you, therefore, I open my heart. It is impossible to avoid going sometimes into company, and giving occasional dinners—do, my friend, at those times be very assiduous in your attentions to my wife—talk to her, sit by her, keep off all puppies from her.

Spectre. I will, I will.—Just what I wish. *(aside.)* I'll never leave her.—I'll be with her morning, noon, and night. There's my hand.

Lovell. What a load is off my mind! thanks to the friendship of my dear Spectre! Now go, go and ask Mrs. Lovell how she does, while I prepare for my ride.

Spectre. Shall you be long?

Lovell. Eh! why do you ask?

Spectre. Only, that if it should be long, I'd take a book and sit here till you return, or soliloquize, or go into the garden and ruralize.

Lovell (smiling). I must of course be some time — but go or stay as you like.

Spectre. Very well, good bye! — Line of beauty —

(aside, and surveying himself.)

Lovell. Good bye, Tom. *(going, returns.)* I say, Tom, if you should go to Mrs. Lovell — I have lately found her very nervous — avoid saying any thing witty — it will affect her nerves.

Spectre. Lord bless you — how came you to think of that? I witty! I am nervous myself. — Nothing is so bad for the nerves as wit. Good bye!

Lovell. You have some humorous stories though — eh! — don't, now, introduce any of them. — You can't conceive how a grave look becomes your turn of countenance. — Good bye! — He has lost two coatings of his ugliness since I confided in him.

(aside and exit.)

Spectre. Ha—h! *(grins.)* I have him. Now for my better self. *(begins changing his dress.)* He can't be less than half an hour. *(puts on the dashing wig.)* I'll step in, give the divine Fanny one of my glances, do the business like Jupiter in a metamorphosis, and return sloven Tom before he is back. Your jealous tikes are always fair game. Lovell was a rake-helly fellow before he married, so it is but tit for tat. — Nothing could be better imagined for the neck, *(exposes his neck, putting on his neck-cloth at a glass)* than this elegant machine, which fills up the vacant spaces of the throat, and gives an amiable degree of rotundity to a long face, by cutting off the chin. Am I ugly now, Mr. Lovell? Am I formed in friendship's mould now, Mr. Lovell? (*surveying himself.*)

Lovell (*without*). Tell Bob to let me know when the horses are ready.

Spectre. Zounds! he's coming up. What shall I do? (*begins transforming himself in a hurry and runs to bolt the door*). By George! there is neither key nor bolt to any lock in his house. (*stands against the door.*) He must not see me.

When Spectre *has nearly transformed himself,* Lovell *tries to open the door, and finding resistance pulls with violence. As he forces open the door,* Spectre *pulling off his black wig with one hand, hooks the flap of his coat on the knob of the lock with*

the other. This is accompanied with the dialogue.

Lovell. Bring up my coat, Cuffee. — Tom! Tom! Tom Spectre!

Spectre. Eh!

Lovell. What's the matter? What's the matter?

Spectre. What's the matter? Didn't you call me?

(*Runs to the front of the stage.*

(*Enter* Lovell *in his gown, agitated, one boot on, the other in his hand.*)

Lovell. What was the door shut for?

Spectre. Would you have me sit with it open?

Lovell. But why was it locked?

Spectre. Locked! Devil a key there is to it.

Lovell. No prevarication, Mr. Spectre.

Spectre. Preposterous—d—me —what would you be at?

Lovell. What were you about at the door, Sir?

Spectre. Door! about at the door? Didn't you call me? and when I got to the door, didn't you in your vehemence push against me, and catch the flap of my coat on the knob? How can you be so d——d ridiculous? I take it very ill of you, Mr. Lovell—I do indeed.

Lovell. *(coming to himself.)* Lovell, Lovell! thou art an egregious ass! *(aside.)* Tom, my dear Tom! I ask your pardon, I only thought, as you were alone, I might, merely for the pleasure of your company, come and just put on my boots here. Sit down, my friend, sit down. *(Lovell takes a chair and labours to draw on a tight boot.)* Come, sit down, Tom.

Spectre. I was going to see Mrs. Lovell for a minute.

Lovell. Eh! Ah! Do so, do so, and then we'll go out together.

Spectre. Just as you like.— Jealous dog! I'll do for the fellow, that I will. *(aside and exit.)*

Lovell. These d——d boots! *(tugs.)* There is no trusting a woman even with such a piece of stuff as my friend Spectre. Novelty, novelty *(tugs at the boots)* has a greater charm for the fickle sex than any other recommendation; and Tom, *(tugs)* Tom Spectre tells a story with considerable humor. I have seen it give that ghastly grin of his the air of a smile.

(Mrs. Lovell *laughs within.)*

There! he is telling her one now. I must go to them.—Oh! confound new boots! *(Spectre talks within, she laughs.)* There! there again! *(rises and tugs.)*

(Enter an ugly Groom.)

Groom. The horses are ready, Sir.

Lovell. D—n the horses.

(Enter Cuffee with a Coat.)

Cuffee. You coat, massa.

Lovell. D—n the coat! D—n the boots!

Mrs. Lovell *laughs again, on which* Lovell *runs out with the boot half on. The Groom and Cuffee stare at each other, and exeunt.*

THE FLEET PRISON;

OR,

A CURE *for* EXTRAVAGANCE; *and a convincing Proof of the* FALLACY *of* FASHIONABLE FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH an egotist is by no means an acceptable member of society, yet we not only find them received, but tolerated, in the most polished circles; and *my* fêtes, *my* horses, *my* equipage, and liveries, fill up many a vacant pause in high-bred conversations.

The possessive pronoun *my*, having recently obtained a degree of distinction unknown in former ages, it is naturally to be inferred, that *my* follies, *my* extravagances, and, consequently, *my* ruin, may be quite as entertaining to *my* readers as the before-mentioned marks of distinction. Previous to the description of my various follies, it appears necessary to assign some cogent reason for the accumulation of them; which I can do with very little difficulty; in fact, the sum total of them, and all the train of evils which followed, must be ascribed to one cause, namely, a mistaken mode of education.

The early part of my father's life had been devoted to the service of his king and country, and having no prospects of wealth beyond that which he might obtain by valor, every thought of his mind was devoted to acquiring a perfect knowlege of nautical affairs; and the judgement he evinced upon several trying occasions, raised him high in the opinion of his superior officers. At the age of thirty-five my father was made post-captain, after having been in the navy six and twenty years; and during that period he had only thrice revisited his native country, and that at each time only for the space of a few months.

My father, however, was an orphan, and being an only child, had none of those magnets to attract him to Old England, which those who are blessed with near and dear relations so naturally feel. He had heard, though without paying any great attention to it, that he was presumptive heir to a very fine estate, yet as the possessor of it was in health, and had a son who enjoyed the same blessing, the gilded prospect seldom presented itself before his eyes.

Upon my father's promotion to post-captain, the admiral of the fleet to which he belonged, advised him to be presented; a form which he wished to have avoided, but he consented to be guided by the wishes of his friend. He loved his king, and would have died to evince his attachment; yet the life to which he had been accustomed was so distinct from that of a court, that at St. James's he felt himself as much out of his element, as a fish would have been basking in the rays of the sun. Three navy officers of my father's acquaintance were likewise to be presented on the same day, and they had agreed to dine at the Salopian Coffee-House together when they quitted the court.—Dinner not being quite ready, they called for the newspapers: my father hastily snatched up one, and his attention was attracted by the following words: 'If any person has any demands on the estate or effects of the late Charles

Lessington, of Lessington Lodge, in Leicestershire, they are to deliver them into the hands of Messrs Kidd and Grover, Solicitors, Lincoln's-Inn. And if any person can give an account of Edward Lessington, late master and commander of his majesty's ship Romney (and now heir to the Lessington estates), they shall be handsomely rewarded for their trouble.'

'Whew!' exclaimed my father in a kind of boatswain's whistle 'all hands aloft, my boys! but d—n those rascalls Kidd and Grover; why did not they steer to the admiralty? I see through their tricks; they would advertize forsooth in the papers; little doubting but that I was safe at sea, and should never get a sight of them; and then they might plunder the estate as they pleased.'

'What estate, my dear Lessington?' eagerly inquired Captain Baldwin.

'What estate! why, my estate: have you never heard of Lessington Lodge in Leicestershire? one of the finest places in all England, worth six thousand a-year, my boys; is not that something for a man to pop upon, unasked? Yet I am sorry the poor boy is dead, as he must be, by that advertisement, for he was a fine little fellow, and seemed to have some soul in him, though 'tis nine years ago since I was at the lodge; but as to the father, he was a poor mean spirited fellow, and had not a heart so big as that in a walnut.'

Not to trespass upon my reader's patience, by relating any more of the conversation which passed at the Salopian Coffee-House, or the solicitors, my father immediately was put into possession of Lessington Lodge, and all it's appurtenances, and, of course, quitted the navy, and became a private gentleman. The change, however, so far from contributing to his happiness, produced quite a contrary effect; and the tedeum of a country life was insupportably fatiguing. He continually complained of *ennui*, and lassitude, and daily wished him on board the Romney; his friends advised him to marry, and each seemed desirous of recommending a wife. Brown, and fair; young, and middle aged, were alternately recommended to him; but as regularly disapproved; and his heir at law began to hope he would die a bachelor, when a very unexpected event occurred. The passive life of a country gentleman having become insupportable to my father, he resolved to have some active pursuit, and though sailors in general are allowed bad horsemen, hunting became his favorite employ. The hair-breadth escapes he had, before he obtained any degree of excellence in the art of riding, would appear tedious in detail; suffice it to say, that after three broken ribs, and two dislocated shoulders, he was pronounced an excellent jockey.

After three years'apprenticeship he was allowed to be an equal judge of horses; for Captain Lessington's favorite hunter, Neptune, had actually won two cups at the neighbouring races. One day, as his master had followed the fox-hounds eight and twenty miles, and expected to come in at the death of him, Neptune in one moment became, according to the sportsman's phrase, dead-lame; or, in other words, stopped short in an instant, and avoided putting to the ground his off leg. My father instantly dismounted, and

being near a farm-house led the poor hobbling animal to it, having first previously examined the foot. The farm belonged to a person of the name of Dawson, one of my father's tenants; and the daughter, a young woman about three and twenty, was considered as the village belle. Miss Dawson perceiving her father's landlord, flew to offer him every attention, and hearing him express the greatest concern at not being able to discover the cause of his favorite's lameness, intreated permission to examine the foot herself, adding, that she was remarkably fond of all animals, but more particularly of horses.

My father thanked her, but smiled at the proposal; which was repeated with still greater earnestness; and at length, in compliance with this female horse doctress, she was permitted to examine the lame leg. Having looked, and felt—and felt, and looked for some moments, at length the poor animal gave a violent start; when Miss Dawson in a tone of exultation exclaimed, 'Am I not a good doctress?' producing the extracted thorn! My father was overjoyed at the skill of his veterinary surgeon, but as the hounds had completely distanced him, consented to stay and partake of the farmer's roast beef, who came home to dinner, just as his daughter had performed this femenine exploit.

Miss Dawson during the hour of dinner, contrived to render herself so agreeable, that my father did not feel desirous of quitting such an engaging companion; and the farmer, delighted at the honor conferred upon him by his landlord, produced a second, and a third bottle of his good old port. Whether the effect of that visit is to be ascribed to the wine, or the cure of Neptune, must for ever remain a secret; but certain it is, that my father made Miss Dawson an offer of his hand; and what may appear still more extraordinary, the next morning they were actually married.

Without entering into any sophistical arguments upon the subject, I am inclined to believe farmer Dawson never permitted the fumes of the wine to evaporate; but from the moment the proposal was made, until the knot was tied irrevocably, continued plying him with large libations. In vindication, however, both of farmer Dawson, and his daughter's apparent want of delicacy, I must acknowlege that I have frequently heard my father had previously declared his resolution of never dangling after any woman that was to sail with him into the port of matrimony. 'All I want (he would say) is a tight built frigate that I can take in tow, without any likelihood of her foundering; but as to her sails, and rigging, d—n me, if I care a pin about them: for I warrant ye, the master of Lessington Lodge can afford to rig her out as fine as any Lord Mayor's barge in London. Whether these sea-faring phrases had been reported to Miss Dawson, or whether her ardent lover had convinced her she must make hay whilst the sun shone, I can not pretend to decide; for as veracity is my motto, I must declare that thus far the opponent goeth, and no farther.

The indissoluble bond having been tied, and farmer Dawson's daughter having thus unexpectedly become mistress of Lessington Lodge, a boy was taken from the

plough-tail, and ordered to ride to that elegant mansion with the utmost expedition, for the purpose of ordering Mrs. Lucas, the house-keeper, to prepare a handsome dinner for the bride, and to desire the coachman to drive the chariot immediately to the farm for the purpose of conveying it's new mistress to her future habitation.

As it was my father's frequent custom to dine, and spend the night with some of the gentlemen who belonged to the hunt, his own man Clipson, and Mrs. Lucas, had both received orders to lock up the doors of the lodge precisely at half past twelve, if it's master did not arrive at that hour; consequently no alarm had been excited by his not returning on that memorable night: and as my father was in the habit of bringing home the gentleman at whose house he had slept, and a large party of friends, Mrs. Lucas had fortunately provided a handsome dinner for them, previous to the plough-boy's arrival, who rode full speed to the Lodge-gate, exclaiming 'brow news! brow news! Squire Lessington's married to yong misser's this very morning! and I hope's with the blessing on God we shall have rare sport!

'What squire is married to your young misser's, as you call her?' inquired Mr. Clipson with an air of consequence.

'Why, what squire!' repeated the lad; 'why, Squire Lessington, your mearster; cun you not ear clearly to-day? Yes he be for sure and for sarten married to my yong misser's; but here's this here bit a paper — and I supposes youw'l believe that; for ye stares at me, mon, just for all the world like a stuck pig.'

Clipson seised the bit of paper, as the boy termed it, and tearing it hastily open, read the following words: 'Clipson, a d—d unlucky accident, lamed poor Neptune yesterday morning, and prevented me from being up at the death of one of the fleetest foxes I ever chased. Farmer Dawson's happened to be the nearest port, and so there I dragged in my disabled vessel, without being able to discover the cause of it's having foundered. But would you believe it, Clipson, one of the finest girls man ever set eyes upon, extracted a thorn three inches long from the fetlock joint. I gave the jade a buss for it, and found her breath as sweet as Arabian gales: in short, I have no person to give an account of my actions to, much less my servants; but, as I thought you might all be surprised, I tell you I am married, and Farmer Dawson's daughter will be your future mistress. Take care, therefore, that I see no mutiny among you. Have every thing in as much order as if I had married a duchess; and tell Lucas to do the same: for mark me, sir, if I chose to make a fool of myself, no one shall make a fool of the woman I have sworn to protect and support.

'Mark me — no ringing of bells! Send George with five guineas to the ringers to keep them quiet; and do not let me see half a dozen lubberly idle fools, when we come home, stepping forth to offer civility to their new mistress, when it is merely for the sake of gratifying their own curiosity. Above all, let Lucas keep in her room till she is sent for.'

Though, according to the artless ploughboy's remark, Mr. Clipson had stared with extended eyes at the account of his master's marriage, he elevated them wider and wider as he perused the note; and, upon coming to the conclusion of it, he turning to the bearer, saying—'My honest fellow, is not this business all a joke? and did not my master give you half a crown for coming upon this fool's errand?'

'Half a crown!' repeated the unbribed messenger; 'no, but he gave me one of King George's pictures to drink her new ladyship's health; for, as you seemed to make game of my's calling her misser's, I suppose I mayn't call her so no more; but all I has to say is, I seed um go inter the parish church together, and knows they comed out again man and wife; and so good bye to ye, Maister Clipson, you and I be all as one as fellow sarvants now ye sees.'

Nothing would have restrained Clipson's indignation at the artless familiarity of the poor boy, had not his master's letter convinced him that every external mark of respect would be expected from his domestics to their new mistress; therefore, smiling at the ploughboy's simplicity, he requested him to inform his master that every thing should be done according to his wishes: 'but stop, Ben,' continued he, 'you must come into my pantry and drink the bride's and bridegroom's health.'

Ben readily accepted the invitation; but, on his way to the butler's pantry, encountered Mrs. Lucas, breathless in the hall.—'What nonsense is this I hear?' exclaimed the terrified housekeeper; 'why, Susan tells me, Mr. Clipson, that, as she passed you, she heard that boy inform you the squire was married to Lucy Dawson, a poor farmer's daughter.'

'Poor or rich,' repeated the boy, in an ironical accent, 'she be your misser's now; for sartinly and sure she was married to the squire this blessed morning.'

'I would not believe it unless I had seen the priest join their hands,' said Mrs. Lucas.

'You will believe Mr. Lessington wrote that letter, my dear woman, I trust,' rejoined Mr. Clipson, putting the too fatal proof of his master's marriage into her hands.

I shall not, however, trespass upon my reader's time, or patience, by relating the astonishment and confusion produced amongst the domestics at Lessington Lodge, or the surprise and ridicule it excited amongst Captain L——'s numerous acquaintance, but merely inform them, that the carriage was prepared according to the orders that had been given, and that my father's commands with respect to the domestics were punctually obeyed, and that my mother had been quietly established in her new habitation near an hour without beholding any of her numerous servants except Mr. Clipson, and the footmen who had attended the carriage.

Female curiosity, however, could be restrained no longer, particularly as Lucy Dawson had frequently heard an account of the elegance of Lessington Lodge, and was impatient to behold the magnificence of that mansion of which she had so unexpectedly

become mistress. Having expressed a desire of seeing her apartment, Mrs. Lucas was sent for, and entered with as many deceptious smiles and professional wishes as the most practised courtier could have put on; and, with a large wax taper in each hand, begged to have the honor of showing her lady the way.

Though a variety of ludicrous scenes occurred on that and several other occasions, yet respect to the memory of the being to whom I owe my birth induces me to conceal them; for ill would it become a son either to ridicule the follies or expose the weaknesses of his parents. I shall therefore merely say, that in less than a twelvemonth after this almost unprecedented marriage I made my appearance upon the theatre of life, to the delight of both my parents, and to the joy of the surrounding peasantry.

This was an event of too much joy to be kept private: bells rang, bon-fires blazoned, and crackers were let off; an ox was roasted whole, and several barrels of old October distributed amongst the happy groupe who had been invited to dine in the park.

From the hour of my birth, therefore, my readers will perceive I was considered as a great personage — even Neptune became subservient to me; and, as I increased in years, I felt my own consequence, and was permitted to exert it to my bane. During my childhood my mother actually lived in the nursery, though, in fact, every apartment in the house might have borne the name; for, into whatever room I chose to go, no restraint was put upon my inclination, and the most elegant articles of furniture fell victims to my caprice — gilded sofas were my coaches, and chairs of the same expensive workmanship my horses, which I spurred and whipped with greater violence than any jockey on Newmarket heath; but in this I was not to be checked, for my father still preserved his passion for hunting, though he frequently deprived himself of that gratification to humor my caprice. My mother, during my infancy, used frequently to join in this masculine amusement, but that was only for a short period of time; for, finding that by crying or screaming I could always detain her my prisoner, I regularly resorted to that coercive measure. With my father also I frequently succeeded; still I was not proof against a bribe, and a two guinea piece has an hundred times been the purchase of his enjoying a fox chace.

When old enough to learn my letters, the same plan of bribery was practised; in short, I would not do the slightest thing that did not accord with my own inclinations without corruptive means; and, instead of becoming a spendthrift, I have often been astonished I was not a miser, or a wretch who would not have performed a single duty without the hope of gain. Money, however, never appeared to me valuable but in proportion to the gratification it procured me; and, fortunately, nature had endowed me with a liberal mind, for I could never feel happy unless some favorite friend, or domestic, participated in my delight.

Young as my mother was, I was the only fruit of her marriage — a circumstance which proved my bane; for the bare idea of the Lessington estate de-

volving to a remote branch of the family would be a misfortune my father often declared himself unable to sustain. The hopeful heir, therefore, of those possessions was never to be removed from his parents' watchful eye; yet my father resolved to spare no expence in my education, frequently acknowleging that he felt the barrenness of his own mind. As I increased in years, therefore, masters of every description were procured for me; and, as no coercive measures were to be practised, enormous salaries were offered to induce them to take additional pains, but the petulance of my disposition was such as to disgust men of known abilities, and few who were capable of the important office remained in it longer than three months. Their place was supplied by pliant, sycophantic instructors, who humored all my follies for the sake of a comfortable home; and who, instead of attempting to stop the growth of bad propensities, ingrafted fresh seeds of vice, and, from their example, I learned to disguise my own sentiments, and to practice deceit. Deception is a vice so abhorrent to a sailor, that my father was unsuspicious to a fault; and, in fact, he was so thoroughly indulgent, that I had not the slightest excuse for practising deceit; yet, observing how easily my masters could impose upon him, before I reached the age of sixteen he was completely my dupe.

Of my mother I have said but little, because I can say but little in her praise; for she was like most other females who are raised to affluence from an humble state; the height of the pinnacle turned her giddy, yet I rejoice to say she did not fall. My father still continued his passion for hunting, though the gout prevented him from participating in the sport, yet he used to drive to cover in a phaeton, accompanied by my mother. For my own part, I became a second Nimrod, and regularly followed the hounds over bushes, bogs, and gates; whilst my delighted father, seated in his phaeton upon an eminence, anxiously beheld the rapidity of my flight. The horses which he drove were spirited, though tractable animals, and the hounds had repeatedly passed them in full cry; but one luckless day (just after I had completed my seventeenth year), they passed the carriage nearer than they had ever done before. My father's mind was so intent upon the chase, that the reigns were unfortunately slackened, and in his attempt to draw them tighter he missed his hold; the animals finding themselves unchecked by the hand of their driver, darted forward with the rapidity of lightning. Unhappily I was foremost amongst the hunters, or I might have prevented the fatal stroke, for they ran, or rather flew, two miles without damage; but at length their course was impeded by a brook, over which they sprang, or rather attempted to do so, but the hind wheels of the carriage struck against the bank, and both my parents were thrown out with a violence I cannot at this moment think of without trembling. My father was killed upon the spot; my mother was taken up senseless, and only survived him a few hours.

My father, though an excellent man, had not only an aversion, but a kind of superstitious dread at the bare mention of mak-

ing a will; therefore, at the age of eighteen, I came into the uncontrolled possession of estates worth six thousand a-year; besides several thousands in funded property, which my father had saved in case of younger children.

My private tutor, Mr. Malcombe, kindly undertook to inspect the steward's accounts, for I was as completely ignorant of all matters of business as an infant just born. Though Mr. Shirley, (which was the name of the steward) was a man in whom I knew my deceased father had placed the most implicit confidence, yet the deceptious Malcombe threw out so many inuendos against him, that I deprived him of the office, and supplied his place with a person of my tutor's recommending, in fact a tool of Malcombe's.

This injudicious and ungrateful mode of conduct, doubtless proved the first step towards my ruin; for Malcombe and Donald (which was the name of my new steward) had now my whole property at their disposal. The shocking and sudden death of two such affectionate parents, for some weeks cast the deepest dejection over my spirits; to rally which, my evil genius, (as I have too much reason to style him) advised me to leave Lessington Lodge for a few months, and pass the winter in the gay metropolis.

Though this advice accorded with my own inclination, yet remembering my father's aversion to my visiting that gay city, I for some weeks rejected the proposal, until Malcombe informed me, that had not accident occasioned the death of my parents, the whole family would have removed thither in the ensuing spring, for the purpose of my improvement in mathematics, a study to which my father was particularly attached.

Imperfect as had been my education, yet nature had kindly endowed me with some perceptive faculties, and both Malcombe and his friend Donald did not find me so easily imposed upon as they had expected. To remove me therefore from the latter scene of action was necessary for their united views; and, whilst it was the plan of the former to lead me into all scenes of vice and extravagance, his coadjutor, by acting as my steward, would not only have the power of robbing me, but oppressing my tenants.

The warm tide of filial affection which the recent loss of the authors of my existence had set afloat in my heart, induced me no longer to hesitate, and I prepared for my journey with a mixture of impatience and delight. Previous to my departure, I empowered Donald to act as he thought proper; in short, I gave him unlimited authority, and in every respect he was authorised to act as master of Lessington Lodge.

Behold me then, gentle reader, arrived in London, and established in one of the most fashionable hotels, where I engaged a suite of apartments at the moderate sum of fifty guineas a month. The master of this hotel was likewise a relation of my tutor's, and assured me had refused sixteen guineas a week from an Irish earl; but, as his cousin had written and desired the best rooms might be kept unoccupied, he made that abatement in the charge merely to prove his regard for his relation; but, upon my countenance dis-

playing a doubt of the veracity of this statement, he added: 'and besides, sir, I always prefer single gentlemen; for ladies give so much trouble that we must be paid for it.'

[*To be continued.*]

ON FABLES.

(*From the French.*)

THE East has at all times been the country of fable. Pilpay and Lockman are the most original authors in this species of composition; for the fables of Esop, and several of those of Phædrus and Lafontaine, are only imitations. The genius of the oriental is well adapted to this kind of fictions. They were the language of philosophers to sovereigns. Truth put on the appearance of falsehood to make itself heard at the courts of the eastern despots; and, besides, figurative and metaphorical expressions, so common with nations but imperfectly civilized, soon give birth to allegories of this nature. We find in the sacred Scripture the fable of the trees who wished to choose a king, which is perhaps the most antient example of this kind. The writings of Solomon, or Souleyman (as the orientals call him, who consider him as the father of wisdom) are filled with allegories and parables, which, longer continued, would form true apologues. Even at this time, the eastern nations employ a figurative and emblematic language, not admissible in our more frigid and precise speech. We speak, the orientals paint: they address themselves to the imagination, we to the judgement. The expressions of nations not greatly civilized approach nearer to nature, and are more proper for poetry: the languages of civilized nations are more favorable to the sciences and perspicuous expressions.

It appears that Esop lived in the same age with Solon and Crœsus, King of Lydia (in the interval between the 46th and 55th Olympiad). All the orientals place Lockman five hundred years before, and in the time of David. He was an Ethiopian *Aithiopos* or *Hhabeshy*, that is to say, an Abyssinian slave. We find, in the history of his life, circumstances and expressions which are attributed to Esop: it is even suspected that these fabulists are in fact but one person; for the word *Aisopos*, Esop, resembles greatly the word *Aithiopos*, the genitive of *Aithiops*. Boulanger has made some curious researches on this subject. Waheb, in a Turkish Commentary on the 31st Surat (chapter) of the Koran, relates some maxims of Lockman. Sadi, the most celebrated of the Persian poets, also refers, in his Bostan and Gulistan, to this fabulist. A verse in the Koran makes the Deity speak in these terms: 'Of a truth we have given wisdom to Lockman.' The translation of the fables of this sage of the East, accompanied by the Arabic text, will be found very useful by those who apply themselves to the study of the Arabic language.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT OF

'NOT AT HOME,'

As intended to have been spoken.

Written by WALLER RODWELL WRIGHT, *Esq.* *

OUR Author, anxious for your approbation,
Has sent me here by way of preparation;
But undetermined still what means to use,
To recommend this bantling of his Muse:
From thought to thought with double haste he rov'd,
As fancy led or judgement disapprov'd:
I could not bear to see him thus perplex'd,
So cried, 'I'll take your title for my text.'
At home, or *not at home* — Oh! 'tis a theme
As vast as Folly's never-failing stream.
Why, *Not at home*'s the vice of modern days,
Which every age, and sex, and rank displays;
And coxcombs, from the 'prentice to the peer,
Disdain the limits of their proper sphere.
Observe my lord — the copy of his groom —
In all the scenes of vulgar life *at home*;
At home to all the pugilistic train,
Lord of the ring and hero of the rein:
But *not at home* when tradesmen would be paid,
Or worth and genius supplicate his aid;
And least *at home*, O! mean and groveling mind!
In that high station which his birth assign'd.
In those dull moments when *ennui* prevails,
And beaux forget to call, and scandal fails,
What dame of fashion e'er can condescend
At home the solitary hours to spend?
At home! O monstrous! is there then no way
To kill the languor of the irksome day?
Call my barouche! I'll drive to Lady Bloom:
Our mutual watchword still is — *Not at home*:
And Mrs. Shuttle, odious, rustic creature!
Whose suppers we endure from mere good nature.
Brisk at his post, and practis'd in reply,
The powdered footman tells the ready lie:
Not so the simple lad just come to town,
Scarce half a coxcomb, more than half a clown,
With awkward shame he turns his head away,
And blushing stammers — *Not at home* to-day.

---

* Author of the Poem, entitled 'Horæ Ironicæ.'

To Bond-Street next, to cheapen fans and laces,
Or buy at Overton's the Loves and Graces.
These follies drive away the morning spleen;
Rout, opera, concert close the evening scene.
Thus having trod the giddy circle o'er,
'Till fashion palls, and folly charms no more,
Listless and tir'd, at length she condescends
To pass one night at home — but sees her friends.
Forth fly a thousand cards, and each conveys
Her summons, couch'd in true laconic phrase:
Her ladyship at home. — Well! view her there:
Order your coach at ten to Berkeley-Square;
Along the crowded staircase force your way,
Where costly flowers their mingled sweets display;
Approach the long saloon where, blazing bright,
Rich chandeliers refract the varied light,
Her sofa deck'd with oriental pride,
All Egypt's monsters grinning at her side,
Midst shapeless mockeries of Greece and Rome,
In tawdry pomp — my lady is at home.
While these gay scenes her restless thoughts employ,
She scarcely feels a transient gleam of joy;
With vacant eye reviews the splendid dome,
And sighs that — Happiness — is not at home.
Not such their Home whom Love has taught to know
From that blest source what real transports flow.
Home! 'tis the name of all that sweetens life;
It speaks the warm affection of a wife,
The lisping babe that prattles on the knee
In all the playful grace of infancy,
The spot where fond parental love may trace
The growing virtues of a blooming race:
O! 'tis a word of more than magic spell,
Whose sacred power the wand'rer best can tell;
He who, long distant from his native land,
Feels at her name his eager soul expand:
Whether as patriot, husband, father, friend,
To that dear point his thoughts, his wishes bend;
And still he owns, where'er his footsteps roam,
Life's choicest blessings centre all — at home.

THE CHURLISH MAID;

AN EPIGRAM.

I ATTEMPTED her lips: — she denied me that bliss;
And she bade me molest her no more.—
'It is churlish,' said I, 'to refuse *me one* kiss,
'When, with pleasure, *I'd* give *you* a score.'

C.

SONNET.

TO COLD.

SEE yonder shiv'ring wretch so meanly clad,
The pallid son of penury and pain;
Whose lodging shelters not, whose food is bad,
Food hardly earn'd! for small's the poor man's gain:
Alas! too oft his famish'd offspring claim
The promis'd bread he has not got to give:
Though poor perchance he scorns the bread of shame,
And rather dares to die than so to live!
The only fire his humble hearth can boast
The scanty produce of the neigh'bring street,
Glean'd by his children — some few chips at most,
These are the woes sad want is doom'd to meet!
O! freezing fiend! this sorrow'd scene behold!
Soften thy gales, or quickly quit us, cold.

J. M. L.

Dec. 1809.

PROLOGUE

To the new Comedy of 'RICHES *or* WIFE *and* BROTHER.'

Written by Sir J. B. Burgess,

And spoken by Mr. Eyre.

'MID the wide ruins of imperial Rome,
The cradle once of Genius, now the tomb,
If chance a sculptur'd fragment should disclose,
Some Jove or Phœbus, without arms or nose.
With emulation rival artists strive,
Its shape and just proportion to revive,
'Till, when restor'd in symmetry and grace,
With added beauties both of form and face,
In the completed mass the Critic sees,
The hand of Phidias or Praxiteles,
So 'mid our British stores neglected lie,
Dramas, which might the touch of time defy,
But that the taint of a licentious age
Forbids them to disgrace our purer Stage.
Our ancestors through five long acts could sit,
Mistaking gross indecency for wit,
And even Females, 'neath a vizor's shade,
Intrepidly the shameless Stage survey'd.
More pure the manners now, more chaste the treat
At which the Muse invites you now to meet;
Whether at folly or at vice she fly,
This praise is her's, she flies with decency.
High 'mongst the Bards, once better known to fame,
Still stands recorded Massinger's proud name;
Who close to Shakspeare's matchless genius soar'd,
Who, next to Johnson, from true learning's hoard
With skilful hand his rich materials drew,
To manners faithful, and to nature true;
But who with grossness so debas'd his verse.
What he dar'd write we dare not now rehearse.
Still, since replete his lines with vig'rous thought,
Since glows the fire from inspiration caught,
Let us, on his behalf, your favour pray,
While from oblivion's gulph we snatch this play.
Clear'd from the dross which its pure ore debas'd,
The fault of fashion, or the lapse of taste,
Its rank growth prun'd with no unsparing hand,
Its morals mended and its scenes new plann'd,
It trusts to you its renovated cause,
And waits your verdict—censure or applause.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Written by Mr. Arnold.

Spoken by Mrs. Edwin.

CUR'D of my folly as a scolding wife,
Sir John, at last, shall lead a quiet life!
Ye hen-peck'd husbands!—ah! I greatly fear
That many of that gentle class are here!
—Attend a while—a wife reform'd shall school ye,
And show how wives rebel—how women rule ye!

When first in artful blandishment array'd,
You court with smiles and pray'rs th' unguarded maid—
How full of wit each word—of charms each feature—
She's *angel* — goddess then! — Celestial creature!
While she—poor silly maid—takes all, forsooth!
What female heart can doubt such charming truth?
The wedding o'er, how soon these high notes fall!
This *angel* proves *mere woman*, after all!
The great discov'ry made, how chang'd the tone!
The husband cold!—the wife indifferent grown—
'Stead of 'My dear—my love—my treasur'd prize,'
'D—me, my dear'—and 'Zounds! my love,'—he cries.

While she, soon grown, by disappointment cold—
Replies—resents—and ends, a downright scold!

Now comes *her* triumph! for you'll all allow
When women choose to rule, we all know how.
For where's the man who dares, or old or young,
To take the field against a woman's tongue?

Yonder I see a lady, by the bye,
She with sharp nose, a little scolding eye,
And, or his looks have very much belied her,
Her *cara sposa* there, sits close beside her!
That round, fat gentleman, who looks so blue—
You needn't hide your face, I don't mean you!
Now, as I take it, this harmonious pair
Can prove what man and wife, in general, are!
Married for love, in youth's impetuous hour,
They dream'd of endless joy in Hymen's bow'r;
But long before the honey-moon was o'er
A quarrel rose, which lasted evermore!
'My love,' said he, one evening, 'I don't choose
That you should wear, my dearest, so much rouge.'
'Not rouge!' cried she, in agony, 'I vow,
My love, that's quite provoking now.'
Tears gan to flow, and with the rouge to mingle,
'You ne'er found fault with rouge when I was single.'
'Zounds, Ma'am'—'You brute! would I had longer tarried.'
''Sdeath, Ma'am, you never roug'd before we married!'

In short, ye men! before ye wed, forbear,
Of everlasting truth and love to swear,
But married, fan with care the nuptial flame,
Nor think that Bear and husband mean the same!
Win us by love--if that won't do alone,
Die! like Sir John, and then the day's your own!

Ladies! a word to you, and then I've done--
A word to tell you what you ought to shun.
Shun contradiction, worst of all disasters,
You should be mistresses, but not be masters!
Win by affection, by persuasion rule,
Thus gain your end!--And so I shut up school.

SONG.

FROM Mary's eye, of azure blue,
The tear of heartfelt anguish fell
As erst to meet her William flew;
And softly said, sweet maid farewell!
Farewell! farewell! ask not my stay,
For glory calls! I must away!

Spain's gallant sons, a patriot band*,
By Gallia's lawless Chief betray'd,
Loud call us to their blood-stain'd land,
In freedom's sacred cause to aid:
Then look not thus, nor ask my stay,
For glory calls! I must away!

Poor Mary rais'd her beauteous head,
For valor to the maid was dear,
And thus, in falt'ring accents said,
Forgive, dear youth, a woman's fear;
Nor think I'd meanly ask thy stay,
When glory cries you must away.

Young William strain'd her to his heart;
And press'd her lip, of coral hue;
Then tore him from her arms apart,
And to his waiting comrades flew:
Yet ere he went, he turn'd to say,
'Tis glory calls! I must away!

JOANNA SQUIRE.

---

* This song was written at the time of the sailing of the first expedition, to the relief of the Spaniards.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Vienna, Jan. 10.

OUR court gazette contains the following article: The stipulation of the treaty of Vienna, with regard to the evacuation of such places as were occupied by French troops, have been every where carried into effect. The French army in Upper Austria crossed the frontiers on the 4th inst. Gratz was evacuated the same day, and about the 13th inst. all the different corps of the French Italian army will have left the inner provinces of Austria.

Inspruck, Jan. 4. On the 22d ult. a court martial, of which General Sevarolli was president, passed sentence of death on three insurgents, called Ignatius Haller, John Kircher, and Berthold Bichler, for being taken in arms against the French five days after the proclamation of his imperial highness the viceroy, on the 22d of November.

The letters from Roveredo and Botzen are still silent with regard to Andrew Hoffer. It may therefore be inferred, that he keeps himself in concealment, or that he has left the country. His wife and two daughters still occupy his house at Paseyer.

In the mean time the tranquillity of the Tyrol is becoming every day more secure. A few days after the entrance of an inconsiderable French garrison into Botzen, the communications with that place were cut off by a body of armed people; but, as the peasantry of the environs took no part in their proceedings, they were forced to retire without effecting their purpose. A similar attempt was made against Brixen, by one Koll, who is detested by the whole country. On the advance of the French troops, the mob that he had collected was beaten back, after some slight resistance, during which the houses in the suburbs were set on fire: Koll was taken prisoner in the action, but afterwards effected his escape.

At Merau events of a more serious nature took place, of which the Tyrolese give a most afflicting description. A French column, consisting of between seven and eight thousand men, was, in the first instance, repulsed; and, in the vicinity of Jassy and Passeyer, two battalions were, after a brave resistance for three days, overpowered and disarmed by the superior number of the insurgents. General Rusca was, in consequence, recalled, and General Baraguay d'Hilliers proceeded to conduct the operations, and combining energy with humanity, produced the happiest results. His head-quarters are at Botzen. On the 17th he caused two of the ringleaders to be shot in the market-place; and, on the 19th, he issued a proclamation, containing the most serious admonitions, which have had the desired effect.

Bayonne, Jan. 12. Troops are daily passing through this town on their march to Spain; and those of the 8th corps, under the orders of the Duke of Abrantes, begin to arrive. Yesterday we witnessed the arrival of the 6th regiment of the line, the 21st of horse chasseurs, and the 10th of hussars; these troops are to remain in cantonments in our environs till the division of Regnier has crossed the frontiers. Upon an average from 12 to 15,000 men arrive daily. They write from Bilboa that all the civil authorities

in Biscay have been displaced and succeeded by French officers. No doubt is entertained but that the same measure will be pursued in the provinces of Alava, Navarre, and Arragon.

The field equipage of the Prince of Neufchatel has reached this place, and his highness is expected within a few days.

Private letters from Madrid state, that the king is on the point of proceeding to the kingdom of Valencia, at the head of his army, and certain hopes are entertained that the said kingdom will submit without resistance.

Munich, Jan. 12. Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, commander in chief of the French army in Germany, arrived the 1st of this month at Passau, and still remains there. His excellency has visited the forts which surround and command that town, taken an account of the state of the fortifications, and reviewed the garrison, which is very numerous. The different branches of the head-quarters, which quitted Lintz at the beginning of this year, have also arrived at Passau. We are assured that the head-quarters will remain there a fortnight, and be afterwards transferred to Strasburgh, in Lower Bavaria.

Order being established in all parts of the Tyrol, such of the insurgents as were still in the prisons of Botzen, have been set at liberty, and have returned to their homes.

The special tribunal of the circle of the Iller, established at Lindau by order of government on account of the insurrection in the Voralberg, have been dissolved these five weeks. This tribunal held, from the 18th Sept. to the 2d Dec., ninety-eight sittings, in which have been commenced and continued the proceedings relative to seventy-seven individuals.

Hamburgh, Jan. 14. The Count de Gottorp (Gustavus Adolphus) arrived here yesterday evening with his family, and alighted at the hotel *d'Angleterre*. It is said that he will rest a few days in this city, and then continue his journey to Switzerland. The third column of Swedish prisoners, consisting of 260 men, arrived here on the 9th inst. under the conduct of Gen. Sparrschold. The last column is expected in a few days; it consists for the most part of Swedes made prisoners at Lubeck.

Jan. 16. Letters from Dresden mention that, since the return of his Saxon Majesty from Paris, the Princess Maria Amelia, daughter to his brother the Duke Maximilian, has been treated with particular distinction. She has not yet completed her sixteenth year.

An article from that city, inserted in the public journals, mentions a rumour of an intended union between this princess and the prince regent of Bavaria; but it is remarked that the papers published in Saxony observe a profound silence upon this topic.

Seville, Jan. 17. The French are at the foot of the Sierra Morena: they have been repulsed by the division of Bigadot at Villa Maurique.

The enemy have penetrated to the Puerto del Rey. Our army has fallen back upon Jaen. The advanced posts of Albuquerque, who is marching to our assistance, are arrived at Guadalcanal. Coupigni has advanced from hence to cover Carmona; but we have no force to stop the progress of the enemy. The greater part of the junta have left this place for the Isle de Leon, and the remaining members are to embark to-night and go to Cadiz by water.

Paris, Jan. 18. His majesty the emperor yesterday morning held a council of ministers. For several days a considerable activity has been observable in the cabinet, but hitherto nothing has transpired respecting the nature of the subjects discussed there. The emperor, to reward the zeal of the national guards who contributed to the defence of the frontier of the empire at the time of the appearance of the English in the Scheldt, and to give them a proof of his satisfaction with their conduct, issued, on the 1st of January, a decree from the Tuilleries, enacting, that there shall be added to the regiments of the imperial guard a regiment of four battalions, consisting of well-disposed men, taken from the national guards who have contributed to the defence of Flanders and the Channel. Each battalion shall contain four companies, organized and treated like the tirailleurs of the guards. This regiment is to be called 'the regiment of national guards of the guard.'

Hamburgh, Jan. 18. The Count of Gottorp, after having passed five days with his illustrious family in this place, left it this afternoon, on his journey to Carlruche and Switzerland.

Paris, Jan. 28. This evening the King and Queen of Naples gave a grand masked ball. It is rumored, that the king will set off to-morrow for his states, and

that the queen, during her farther stay, will occupy the pavilion of Flora, in the palace of the Thuilleries; the Elisee Napoleon being intended for the residence of the Empress Josephine.

A letter from Bayonne of the 24th inst. says: 'According to the last accounts from Madrid, the king had set out for Toledo with four of his ministers and twelve counsellors of state, in order to put himself at the head of his army, and to advance to Seville.'

The Journal de l'Empire contains the following article under the head of Dresden, the 16th inst.: 'From the circumstance of our king having left Paris sooner than the other princes of the Rhine, and his having frequently, while in that capital, had private conferences with the emperor, the public conclude that a very important event, previously in contemplation, will immediately take place. There are even reports in circulation which lead to an opinion that the royal house of Saxony will receive additional splendor. Since his majesty's return, the young Princess Maria Amelia, daughter to Prince Maximilian, and who has not yet attained her sixteenth year, has been treated with particular distinction.'

Badajos, Jan. 29. Notwithstanding the vigorous measures pursued by the superior junta of Cordova, to prevent the threatened invasion of that kingdom by the French, it is reported that they forced the pass of Almada, yet without any artillery, which they found it altogether impossible to convey by that impassable road, and therefore sent it through La Mancha. It is added, that having soon after become sensible of the extreme danger of their position, they fell back with the utmost precipitation, but are likely to experience the fate of Dupont's army.

Paris, Feb. 1. It is now ascertained that the sister of the Emperor Alexander is the princess who is to become the wife of the Emperor Napoleon. Caulincourt, a relation of the ambassador of that name at St. Petersburgh, has left Paris a few days ago for that capital, to escort the Russian princess to this city, where the nuptial ceremonies are to be celebrated. Other important marriages are also expected to take place on the same occasion.

Under these circumstances it is not thought that Napoleon will depart for Spain till the latter end of March, or perhaps, the middle of April.

The Supplement to the Amsterdam Courant of Tuesday last contains the following paragraph, corroborating the information in the preceding letter:—

The chief magistrates of Antwerp have received intelligence that a marriage has been agreed upon between the Emperor Napoleon and the sister of the Emperor of Russia.

'Palace of Thuilleries, Jan. 20.

'Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Rhenish League, and Mediator of the Helvetic Confederation:

'Desirous to provide for the security of the northern frontiers of our empire, and to place out of danger our dock-yards and the arsenal at Antwerp, we have decreed as follows:

'Art. 1. An army shall be formed, to be called the Army of Brabant.

'2. All the country situate between the Meuse, the Scheldt, and the ocean, shall compose the territory of the said army.

'3. All the French and allied troops, whether naval or military, within that compass, shall form a part of the Army of Brabant.

'4. The fortresses situate between the Meuse and the Scheldt shall be placed in a state of siege.

'5. The military commanders and French authorities in Holland are required to conform to the present orders.

'6. The minister of war is charged with the execution of the present decree.

(Signed) 'Napoleon.'

Proclamation.

[Army of Brabant.] 'Inhabitants of Brabant, of the islands of Zealand, and of the islands situate between the Meuse and the Scheldt:

'His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon having ordered me to take the military possession of the country situate between the Meuse and the Scheldt, I have ordered some steady and disciplined troops to march thither, who are instructed to respect your customs and manners. I hope in return they will meet a reception worthy of their good conduct, for which I have no hesitation to pledge myself.

(Signed)

'The Marshal Duke de Reggio,

HOME NEWS.

London, January 20.

AT seven o'clock on Thursday evening, an inquest was held in Upper Thames-Street, before Thomas Shelton, Esq. Coroner for the City of London, on the body of Mr. Lyon Levy, who was found dead about noon that day, in Monument-yard. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased had paid for admission into the Monument, observing to the keeper, that some ladies were shortly to join him, on which the man said, 'Sir, had not you better wait until the ladies come? The deceased, however, proceeded onwards directly! he reached the gallery, precipitated himself over the railing, and falling on his head, expired without a groan. His fall appeared at first to be in such a strait perpendicular direction, that it was thought he would have fallen inside the railing; his feet, however, striking against one of the griffins by the way, threw him some distance from the Monument, and he fell into the yard surrounding it. He was one of the most extensive dealers in diamonds, pearls, rubies, topazes, emeralds, and other precious stones, in England. He was of the Jewish persuasion; and besides several extensive connexions abroad, he had nearly 20 Jews about the streets of London, who acted as hawkers or runners to his house, and each of whom had power to give credit to the jewellers to a great extent. Within the course of the last month, he called on a person of responsibility in the trade, residing in Craven-Buildings, and offered him diamonds and other precious stones, to the amount of between 2000 and 3000l. on credit; but the other prudently refused the offer, on account of the very great risk he ran of disposing of such a quantity of valuable gems in time sufficient for the repayment. The deceased was a man of such correctness in all his dealings, that, up to the very day of his death, he could have got credit amongst the other merchants in his line of business to almost any amount. He had been, however, unfortunate in several very extensive speculations, to Gibraltar and other places abroad; he could not brook the idea of sustaining his credit for some time longer by the assistance of friends, whom, perhaps, he might not have in his power to pay; and after having passed many years in the most honorable affluence, his altered circumstances made a deep impression on his mind; he was observed to be frequently of a gloomy habit, was totally absorbed in thought, and absent from every thing that was the topic of conversation around him. He has left a wife and eight children to bewail his loss, and it is supposed that his wife is pregnant with a ninth child. Under all these circumstances, the Jury returned a verdict of *Insanity.*

Tuesday morning, as three children of Mr. Peggs, of the Old Barge-house Wharf, Surry side, Blackfriar's-bridge, were playing on the Wharf, the younger of them, being only three years and a half old, by over-running himself, was precipitated from the Wharf, a height of at least twelve feet, into the Thames; the elder brother, only eleven years old, seeing the danger of the poor child, immediately jumped into the water to endeavour to rescue him; the second brother, nine years of age, in dreadful

anxiety for the fate of the two others, also jumped in; and, had it not been for the humane interference of Mr. Doe, the brother to the boat-builder of that name, who was near the spot on some craft, and had witnessed all the transaction, most probably they would have met a watery grave; but he went into the water, and rescued them all, to the unspeakable gratification of their parents, to whose care he delivered them.

Jan. 21. The skaiters on the Serpentine river continue to be very numerous. A young lady made a very conspicuous appearance yesterday. She was attended by a servant, and appeared to take peculiar delight in sliding. The peculiarity attached to her was her dress, which resembled the covering of a swan, being a pelisse made entirely of swan's down, and white feet.

Torbay, Jan. 27. This morning at one o'clock a most melancholy and alarming fire broke out at the Market-house Chamber in this place, which threatened destruction not only to the whole of the houses (being situated in the central part) but also to the shipping in the harbour, which was a great number, the major part aground, and the water had left them. When the sailors first discovered the fire, the wind was blowing with a reef in the sail, but kind Providence lulled it instantaneously almost to a calm. No person can yet account how it happened. It was first discovered in the cooper's shop, between a sail-maker's loft and a dealer in pitch, tar, resin, brimstone, reed, &c. The latter dealer, I am told, is insured in the Sun Fire Office, but the cooper and sailmakers are not.

The sailmakers had not got all their stock in, having been but a few days set up in business. A large quantity of their canvass was burned to tinder; but, thank God! no lives were lost, nor, I believe, any one hurt. The flames caught upwards of 200 large nitches of reeds at one time, which, with the cooper's staves, laths, rope, and other light matter, burned with such rapidity that the horison was illuminated for miles round; but owing to the great exertions of the sailors, and other inhabitants, who plied the engine well, added to that of the 3d regiment of buffs, lying in barracks at the Berry-head (about one mile and a half distant), whose centinels seeing the illumination, alarmed their officers, who in haste, at the head of their men and engine, came into town, and placing guards where wanted, both officers and men strained every nerve to assist the sufferers and extinguish the flames, which after several hours their united efforts had it's desired effect, and brought the fire under. The thanks of the whole inhabitants are due to both officers and men, and though they could not succeed in saving any of the property, yet they prevented the further progress of the fire.

London, Jan. 29. We are sorry to say, that no certain accounts have yet been received respecting the Hon. W. F. Eden, the son of Lord Auckland, who has been missing ever since Friday se'ennight. He was a young man of such mild and tranquil habits, so independent in his circumstances, and living in such happiness with his parents, that it is hardly possible that any thing but a fatal accident could be the occasion of his disappearance. An account, indeed, was received from Bedfordshire, that a stranger, nearly answering the description of Mr. Eden, had been detained by a magistrate, under the notion of a temporary derangement, as his manners were singular; and an express is gone down to see if it be Mr. Eden; but without hopes, as no traces of mental infirmity have ever been observed in him. Two bodies have been found, one in the Thames, and one in the New River, but neither of them prove to be that of the gentleman sought for. Placards are posted up every where, offering a reward of 100 guineas to discover him alive, or of 50 guineas if an accident shall have happened to him.

Colnbrook, Jan. 31. A shocking accident happened at the house of Mr. Bagster, at Calcot-End, on Sunday night last. The maid-servant had put two of Mr. Bagster's children to bed, the one four, and the other six years old; and, as was the customary indulgence, a candle was left in the room until they had gone to sleep. In about a quarter of an hour after the servant came down stairs, the room in which the children slept was discovered to be on fire by a stranger passing, and alarm was instantly given. Mr. Bagster succeeded at great risk in rescuing the eldest child, but the youngest fell a victim to the flames. The fire was afterwards got under.

London, Feb. 2. The inquiry into the expedition to the Scheldt commences this day. Mr. Yorke, however, gave notice yesterday, that he meant to have enforced the standing order of the house

for the exclusion of strangers, in order that no partial or imperfect accounts may appear, to prejudice the public mind on either side, pending the investigation. The official Minutes of the House will, however, be regularly printed, and to the publication of these in the newspapers Mr. Yorke wishes to confine the reports of the proceedings till the termination of the Inquiry.

Falmouth, Feb. 3.—Arrived this evening the Chichester packet, Capt. Rogers, with mails, from the Leeward Islands, 24 days from St. Thomas's; she confirms the account of the destruction of two frigates, and the capture of two corvettes, by the blockading squadron, off Guadaloupe. Capt. Cameron, of his Majesty's ship Hazard, was unfortunately killed by one of his own men, who mistook him for a French Officer, in consequence of his having the French flags wrapped round his body. An attack with 10,000 men was expected to be made on Guadaloupe, about the middle of January, so that the next packet will most probably bring us some news from that quarter.

London, Feb. 5.—The only daughter of G. Elwes, Esq. Portman-Square, (son of Mr. Elwes, the celebrated œconomist) a young lady of a very tender age, and sole presumptive heiress to a fortune of upwards of a million sterling, has, we understand, eloped with a Mr. Duffield. Mr. D.'s addresses had been permitted two years ago; but some change in the opinions of the governing part of the family had arisen, and other suitors were strongly recommended to the young lady. She, however, continued constant to her first attachment. Mr. D. arrived safe at Gretna Green, on Thursday night, and was immediately married to his fair and lovely companion.

Portsmouth, Feb. 8.—Arrived this afternoon, the long-looked-for French frigate La Cannoniere, of 50 guns, captured by the Valiant, 74, Capt. Bligh, going into Rochelle, on Saturday last. This prize is so valuable, that every seaman of the Valiant will become possessed of a very considerable sum. She is deeply laden with produce of the East Indies, which unfortunately fell into her hands in prizes, and which, in a very few hours more, would have safely arrived in France. All our cruizers, for many months past, have had special orders to look out for her. Admiral Bertie's squadron, at the Cape, were likewise on the most vigilant look out; but, with all these precautions, she had nearly escaped. She had a great number of passengers on board, whom Captain Bligh, of the Valiant, took out. She made no resistance.

Dover, Feb. 11.—John Hare Powell, Esq. Secretary to the American Legation at London, landed here to-day from Calais, out of the American ship Delaware, with dispatches for Mr. Pinkney, the American Minister. By this vessel we learn that there is an embargo in the French ports along shore, which has been on for some days past. It is said that a squadron is fitting out at Dunkirk to cruise in the North Sea.

Liverpool, Feb. 11.—A most dreadful accident happened here this morning. While the second peal was ringing at St. Nicholas's Church, and the congregation were assembling for divine worship, the whole of the spire, and the north and east sides of the upper part of the tower suddenly gave way, and the whole was precipitated through the roof, along the centre aisle, burying beneath the immense ruins the greater part of those who had unhappilly entered the church. Providentially this number, owing to the accident taking place near ten minutes previously to the usual time of opening the service, was comparatively small, but awfully large in the contemplation of humanity. Not more, perhaps, than from 15 to 20 grown up persons were in the church at the time, and of these the greater part escaped; but the children of the Moorfield charity school, who are regularly marched in procession from the school to the church, somewhat earlier than the time of service, had partly entered. The boys, following last, all escaped; but of the girls, who were either entering the porch or proceeding up the aisle, we lament to state that a great number was instantly overwhelmed beneath the falling pile. The whole number of bodies taken out from the ruins is 27. Of these 22 were either dead, or died almost immediately after their removal; five were taken to the infirmary, and one of these is since dead. The hideous crash of the steeple, and the piercing shriek which immediately issued from those who had escaped in the church, or were witnesses of the catastrophe in the church-yard, immediately brought a large concourse of people to the spot; and we notice with pleasure the

prompt exertions which were immediately made for rescuing the unfortunate victims, by the immediate removal of the fallen masonry, which were continued with unabated attention until the whole of the bodies were extricated, notwithstanding the menacing appearance of the remaining part of the tower and the roof of the church, which every moment threatened a second fall. The scene was throughout the whole of the forenoon deeply affecting. The parents of the children in the school, and a number of others, hurrying from place to place, inquiring the fate of their children or relatives, in the utmost agitation, heightened in many cases by a long and awful suspense, and terminating in the extremes of joy or sorrow, as they found the objects of their search in safety or among the sufferers.

Accidents of this kind usually give rise to many hairbreadth and surprising escapes. We have collected the following from authentic information:—

The ringers, though apparently exposed to the greatest danger, were all fortunate enough to escape, with the exception of one, who was caught in the ruins, along with a boy of 14 years of age, who was in the steeple at the same time. They were, however, both immediately extricated by the exertions of the other ringers. The man was but slightly wounded; but the boy is since dead. The alarm, it appears, was given to the ringers by the falling of a stone upon the fifth bell, which prevented its swing, upon which they immediately ran out. A moment did not elapse before the bells, beams, and the upper floors fell to the bottom of the tower, and their escape would have been impossible, had not the belfry been upon the ground floor.

The Rev. Mr. Pugh, the officiating Minister for the day, entered the church-yard at 19 minutes past ten, having himself noticed the clock upon his entrance. He proceeded immediately to the great south door, and was in the act of entering it when he was stopped for a few seconds by the children of the Moorfield's school, who were pressing into the church at the same time. Upon his appearance a young woman, a teacher in the school, and one of the unfortunate sufferers, began to separate the children on each side, to afford him a passage, when he heard a person exclaim, 'For God's sake, Mr. Pugh, turn back.' He stepped back, and looking up, perceived the spire sinking down towards the east. Immediately the whole fell in.

The Rev. R. Roughsedge, the rector, was at the time turning the north-west corner of the tower, and proceeding to the vestry, which is also at the west end of the church. His lady was already in the vestry, as were also Mr. Coventry, the clerk, and the sexton. The worthy rector appears to have owed his safety to the circumstance of his taking the way on the outside of the church to the vestry, in preference to the more direct one through the south door and the west aisle.

With respect to the injury which the church itself has sustained by this accipent, it is evident that the whole of the remaining tower must be taken down. The roof is broken through in two places. The first opening extends to about one-third of the whole length of the church. The massy stone pillars which support the roof have preserved the centre entire; but towards the east end another considerable opening is made, through which the upper part of the spire forced its way, and striking against the carved wood partition, which divides the chancel from the body of the church, has driven the splinters as far as the altar itself. Almost the whole of the pews in the centre of the church are either entirely demolished or much injured; the pulpit and reading desk have sustained but little injury.

The spire and upper part of the tower were modern. The old tower on which these were injudiciously erected is supposed to have been built, at least, as early as 1360, 430 years ago. The new erection was projected in 1745.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 20. The lady of Rose Price, Esq. of Renagie, in Cornwall, of a daughter.

At Tunbridge-wells, the lady of Wm. Shaw, Esq. of a daughter.

29. At Blackheath, the Right Hon. Lady Gardner of a son and heir.

At Hampton-court, Middlesex, the lady of Sir Charles Edmonstone, Bart. of a son.

At Brighton, the Hon. Mrs. Holland, of a daughter.

31. The lady of Benjamin Hall, Esq. M. P. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 5. At St. Mary-la-bonne Church, John Macdonald, Esq. Surgeon, son of General J. Macdonald, of the Bengal Army, to Miss Letitia Pearce.

11. At St. Mary-la-bonne Church, Joseph Minet, Esq. to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late John Brissault, Esq. of Southampton.

At Hornsey Church, by the Rev. Thomas Roberts, John Smith Wright, Esq. of Nottingham, to Miss Gray, daughter of Edward Gray, Esq. Haringay-House, Middlesex.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, Charles Shirreff, Esq. late from Calcutta, to Mary Ann, daughter to Mr. Wm. Brown, Artist, Green-Street, Grosvenor-Square.

Mr. William Leader, of London, merchant, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Samuel Newbould, Esq. Sheffield.

At St. Mary's, Newington, Surry, Mr. Theakston, of Christ Church, Surry, to Solicitor, to Miss Harriet Holdsworth, only daughter of Thomas Holdsworth, Esq. of Walworth.

At Plymouth, Captain Harward, of the Navy, to Miss Julia Pellew, youngest daughter of Vice Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, Bart.

12. Captain Wall, 49th regiment, to Miss Bailey, of Golder's-Hill.

13. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, Mr. B. Elam, eldest son of Thomas Elam, of Sunbury, Esq. to Elizabeth, second daughter of John Peacock, of New Bond-Street, Esq.

At St. Mary's, Stoke Newington, Alexander Hougonin Rivaz, Esq. of Stoke Newington, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of the late Martin de Havilland, Esq. many years his Majesty's Sheriff for the Island of Guernsey.

Mr. Snowdin, of Upper Thames-Street, to Miss Wilkinson of Swithin's-Lane.

At St. Michael's Church, Jacob Hule, Esq. of Lawrence Pountney-Lane, to Miss Bitch, of Miles's-Lane.

14. At Mirrow, near Guildford, Surry, Mr. E. R. Ball, son of Charles Ball, Esq. of the same place, to Miss Stanbrough, daughter of William Stanbrough, Esq. of Isleworth, Middlesex.

23. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, Major J. Twigg, to Fanny, only daughter of Hector Mackay, Esq. Hans-Place.

At Helstone, Cornwall, by the Rev. R. G. Grylls, Samuel John, Esq. of Penzance, to Mary Millet, eldest daughter of Thomas Grylls, Esq. of Helstone.

24. Edward Baxter, Esq. of Southampton, to Anna Maria Frances, eldest daughter of Stephen Cattley, Esq. of Camberwell.

27. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, by the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, the Rev. William Warrington, to Miss Mainwairing, only daughter of William Mainwairing, Esq. of Hanover-Square.

Feb. 1. At the Parish Church, Leeds, James Armintage Rhodes, Esq. to Miss Turner, only daughter and heiress of Alexander Turner, all of Leeds, Yorkshire.

2. At St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, J. Smith, Esq. of Sandwich, Kent, to Miss L. Ellis, daughter of the late William Ellis, late of Caversfield, Bucks.

DEATHS.

Jan. 12. At Cheltenham, Louisa, youngest daughter of the late John Lewis, Esq. of Hampton-Court, in the County of Radnor.

15. At Cerney-House, Gloucestershire, the lady of J. H. Holder, Esq.

17. At his seat at Cuckfield-Hall, Suffolk, in the 70th year of his age, after a long indisposition, Sir John Blois, Bart.

Mrs. Cope, of Bridgen-Place, Kent.

18. At his house at Hackney, William Hockady, Esq. aged 76, late of his Majesty's 1st regiment of Foot Guards, in which he had served fifty years.

In her 76th year, Mrs. Warwick, of Brabant-Court, widow of Mr. Robert Warwick, formerly a merchant of London.

Feb. 1. At his house in John-Street, Bedford-Row, John Roberts, Esq. aged 74, many years in the East India Direction.

4. At his house in Argyle-Street, Caleb Whitefoord, Esq. He was well known in the first polite and literary circles, and possessed great talents and information. Mr. Whitefoord was the author of many works of approved merit, though he never put his name to any of his productions. He struck out a new species of humor, which was known by the name of *Cross Readings*, and when he first communicated it to the public, he gave the apt signature of *Papyrius Cursor.*